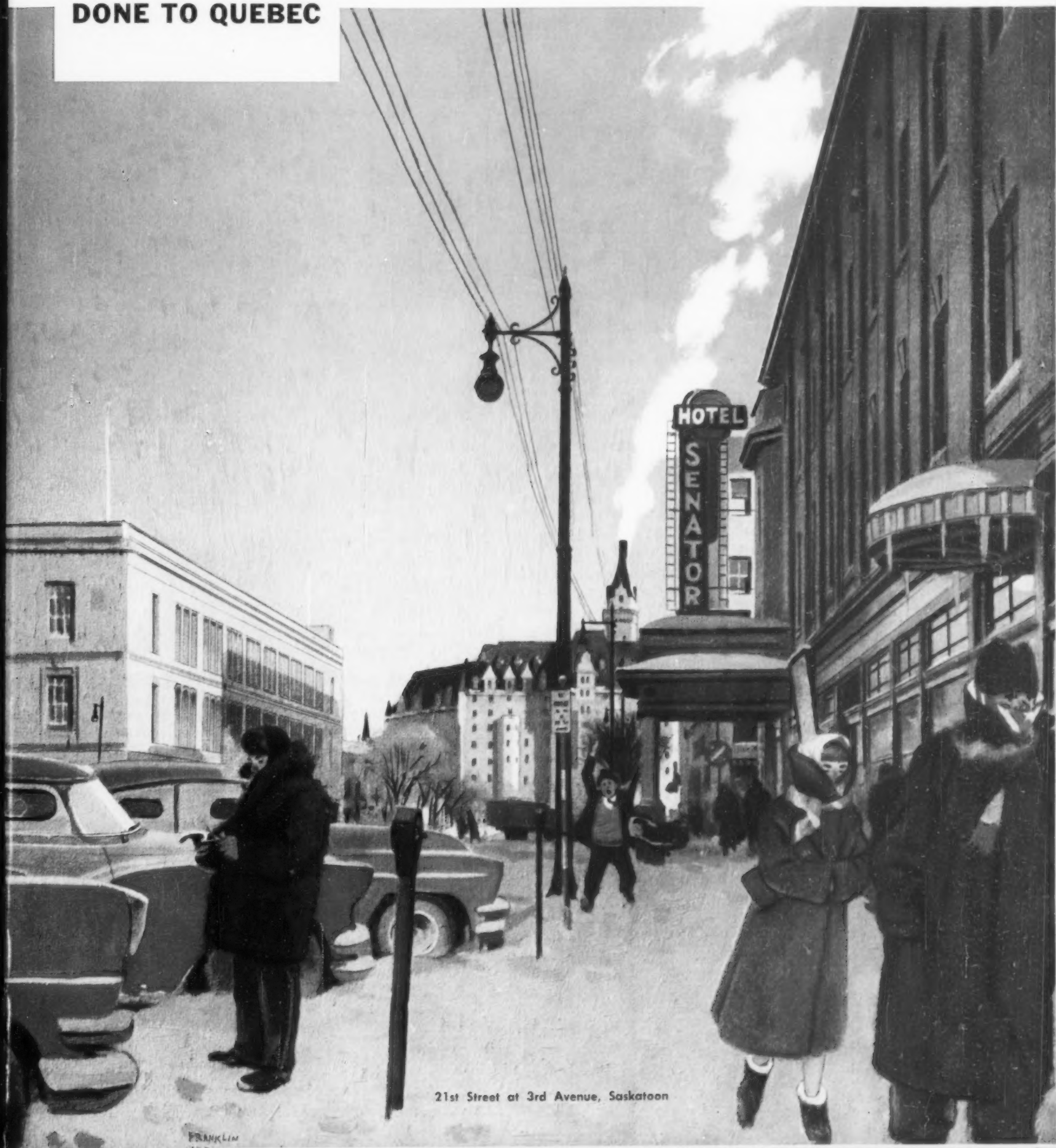


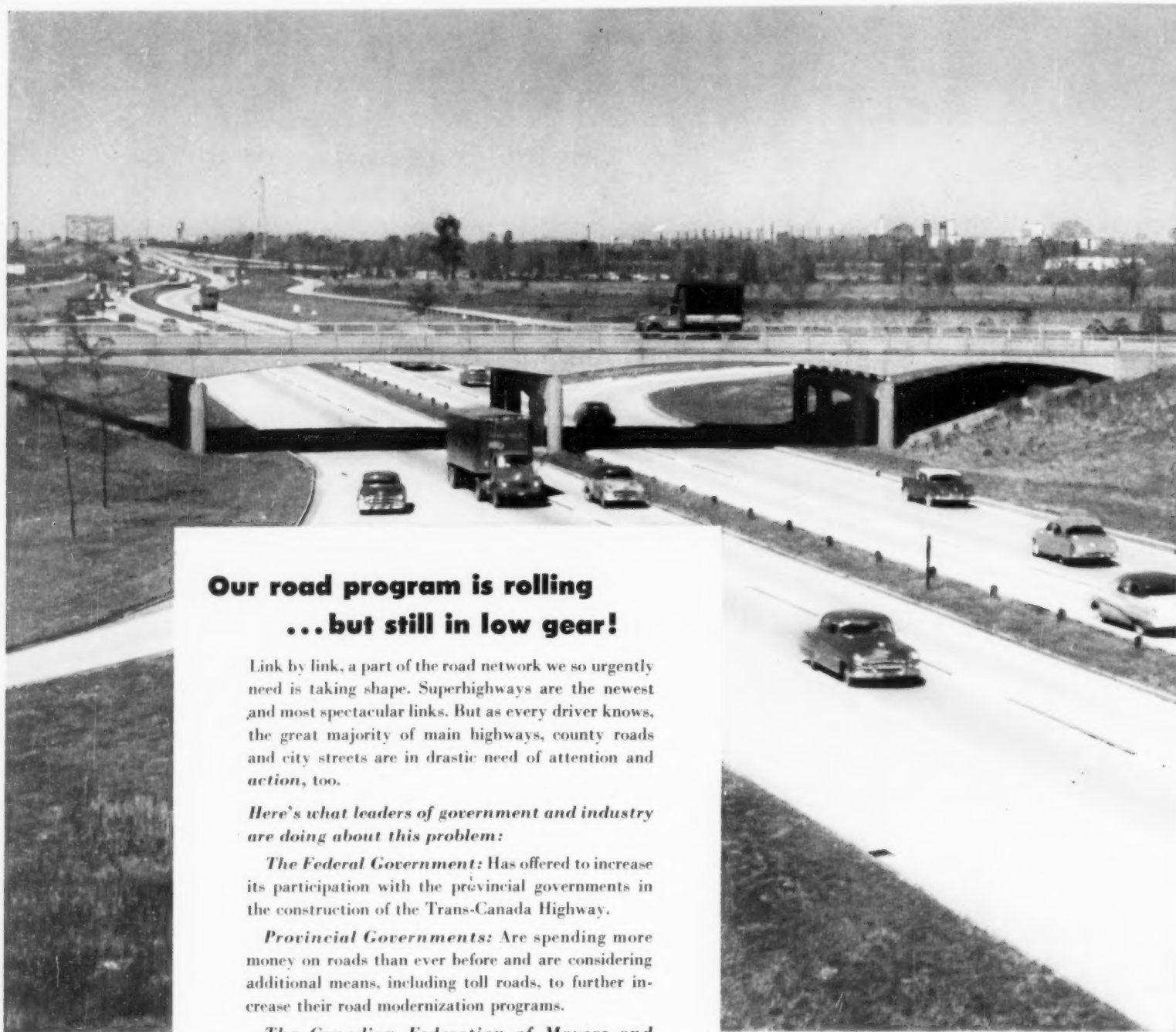
BRUCE HUTCHISON
discovers
**WHAT THE
MACHINE HAS
DONE TO QUEBEC**

MACLEAN'S

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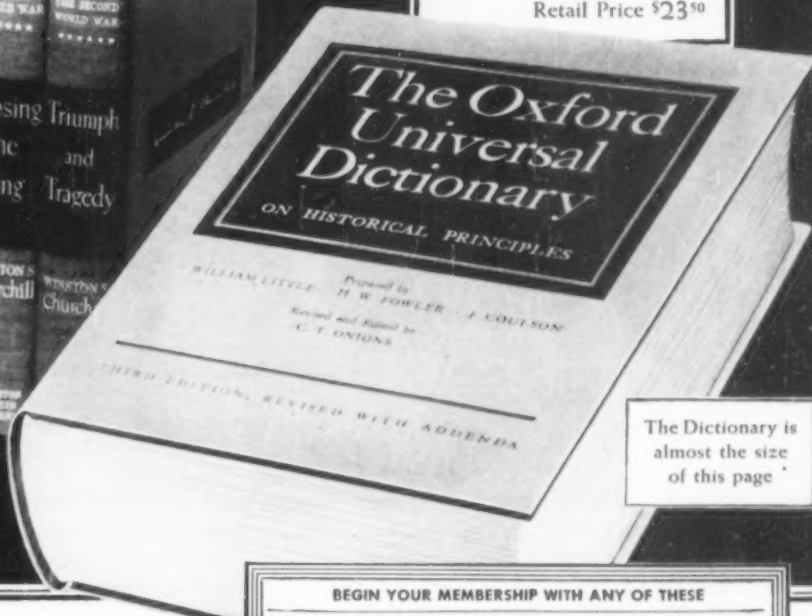


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EDITORIAL

Liberty is a necessity, not a mere convenience

MORE and more Canadians seem willing to accept the notion that human freedom is a mere public convenience, to be torn up and remodeled periodically, like a streetcar track or a municipal washroom.

If freedoms extended to the minority become onerous to the majority, the majority feels more and more at liberty to amend or curtail them. A small religious sect becomes loud and obstreperous; solution, seize its literature and throw its noisy priests in jail. Law enforcement agencies find it difficult to remove girlie books, crime comics and salacious paper-backs from the news-stands; solution, appoint committees of vigilantes to enforce "voluntary" censorship under the threat of boycott. A crown attorney has trouble getting witnesses to testify against a shady group of brothel keepers; solution, grill the witnesses in camera before a co-operative magistrate who is willing to deny them legal counsel of their own.

It is no great shock, but a disappointment nevertheless, to learn that so important a civic group as the Union of Manitoba Municipalities has been harking to the beguiling doctrine that the end justifies the means and has recommended special measures for easing what is known in the west as the Hutterite problem. As most western Canadians know, the Hutterites are middle-European refugees noted for their austerity and clannishness. The several thousand of them who live in Alberta and Manitoba have congregated in small insular settlements and communal farms. They have sought to live by the prin-

ciples of self-denial and self-sufficiency. Commercially and socially many of their neighbors regard them as a total bust. They sell more than they buy, listen more than they talk, pray more eagerly than they vote and are loath to support our basic social institutions, including our schools and our armies.

Ever since 1944 Alberta has had laws designed specifically to counter the Hutterites' traditional isolationism. The Hutterites can't set up colonies more than ten square miles in area. No two colonies can be less than forty miles apart. And the Hutterites are allowed to buy land under even these conditions only after the land has been up for public sale for ninety days.

Now the Union of Manitoba Municipalities is urging the provincial government of Manitoba to sponsor somewhat similar legislation. Fortunately there is as yet no sign that the province intends to do so. But in neither of the two western provinces had there been any noticeable general concern over the precarious and imperfect state of the Hutterites' civil rights. The right to buy land in an open market and to live on it in a manner pleasing and profitable to the owners and of unlawful harm to no one is such a large part of our basic rights that we question whether it can ever be successfully subdivided and reallocated. Liberty is not a new sidewalk or a new subway. Its purpose, like sidewalks and subways, is to bring the greatest good to the greatest number. But it becomes only a foolish word if it is withheld from any person or any group simply because of trouble or cost.

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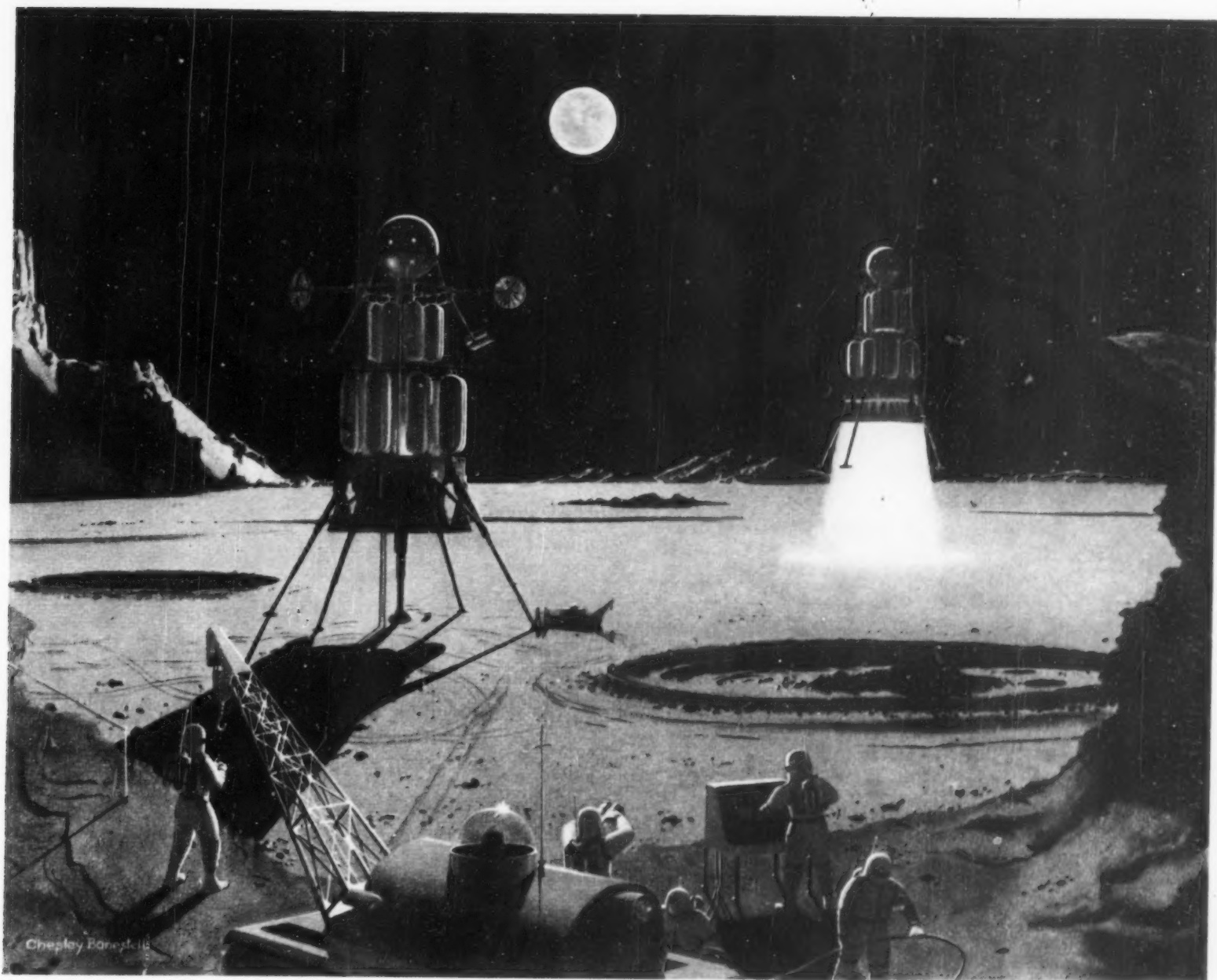
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For many of today's time-keeping miracles were foreseen by Swiss watch craftsmen long before our time.

The watch that shows the day of the month and the phase of the moon, the watch that

can measure speed, distance, split-seconds, chronometers, water- and shock-resistant watches—all are Swiss creations, highlights of the 300-year Swiss science of watchmaking.

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And in time to come—as in our time now—the man to see for the most modern in fine Swiss jeweled-lever watches is your jeweler.



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with 4-door hardtops in all five

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1956 Chevrolet Bel Air 4-Door Sports Sedan

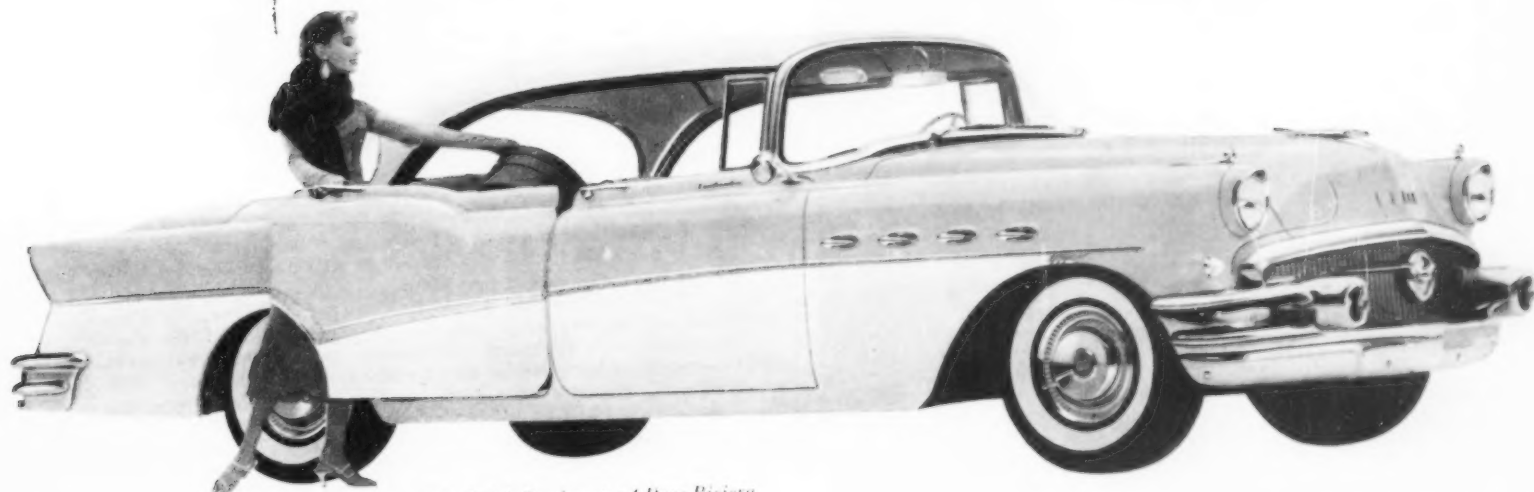


1956 Pontiac Star Chief 4-Door Catalina

GENERAL M



1956 Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight DeLuxe Holiday Sedan



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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, FEBRUARY 4, 1956

So many ways a

COLD

can get started!



At the First Sign of a

COLD OR SORE THROAT

Gargle LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—Quick and Often!

Any of the conditions shown at the top of the page may weaken body resistance so that threatening germs, called "secondary invaders", can stage a mass invasion of throat tissue and stir up trouble.

But, if you gargle Listerine Antiseptic promptly and systematically, you can often halt such mass invasions... help head off colds, and sore throats that accompany them, or lessen their severity.

That's because Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat tissues

to kill germs, including the "secondary invaders". Tests made over a 12 year period showed that regular twice-a-day Listerine users had fewer colds, and usually milder ones, and fewer sore throats, than non-users.

Obviously, when you feel a cold coming on, it's wise to gargle with Listerine Antiseptic early and often... to attack the trouble before it attacks you.

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LONDON LETTER

BY *Beverley Baxter*



How Gaitskell won his crown

THE LAST time I saw Hugh Gaitskell was just before the Christmas recess when he wound up for the Opposition in the final debate on Butler's supplementary budget. Clement Attlee had resigned the leadership of the Labor Party and had gone to the Lords. The vote to choose his successor would be taken next day.

Gaitskell was in such high spirits that he could hardly keep his mind on such mundane things as putting a purchase tax on dust bins and tin pans. In fact, he was not only high-spirited but brilliant, as he planted the darts of derision into the breast of the tired Tory chancellor. Obviously Gaitskell had no doubt concerning the decision of the Parliamentary Labor Party on the morrow.

It is true that Nye Bevan had attempted a last minute *coup* to outwit him. With a magnanimity that would not have deceived a stage detective, Bevan offered to withdraw from the contest if Gaitskell would do the same, so as to give a short-term period of leadership to the ageing Herbert Morrison who had been deputy leader for so long and had served the party with such distinction.

I am sorry to report that Nye's gesture was greeted with a roar of laughter that reverberated throughout the country. Gaitskell merely answered that he was determined to offer himself as a candidate for the leadership, and that it would be for the party to decide.

Gaitskell's high spirits in the budget debate proved to be justified. By a big majority he was chosen as Attlee's successor. Bevan was second and Morrison a poor third.

The ennobled Earl Attlee took no part in these proceedings. It was well known that he only gave up the party leadership when it was certain that Gaitskell would succeed him. When that moment of certainty arrived, Attlee took his farewell of the Commons with about as much fuss as he would have shown boarding an omnibus for Richmond Park.

But did it all happen with smoothness and inevitability, as when a company chairman makes way for a successor who is the obvious and only choice? Believe me, it did not. This was a race with many twists and turns.

It is a strange story and, if you can tear yourselves away from your television sets, I shall tell the tale without malice.

As an observer of the political scene, I attended the seaside conference of the Labor Party at Margate in September and saw the leadership plot being hatched. There is an engaging quality about the socialists that causes them to intrigue in full view. Not for them the secret cellar, the dark cave or the house on the moors. They carry their knives between their teeth and practically wear the colors of their favorites in their buttonholes.

We all knew that this would be the last

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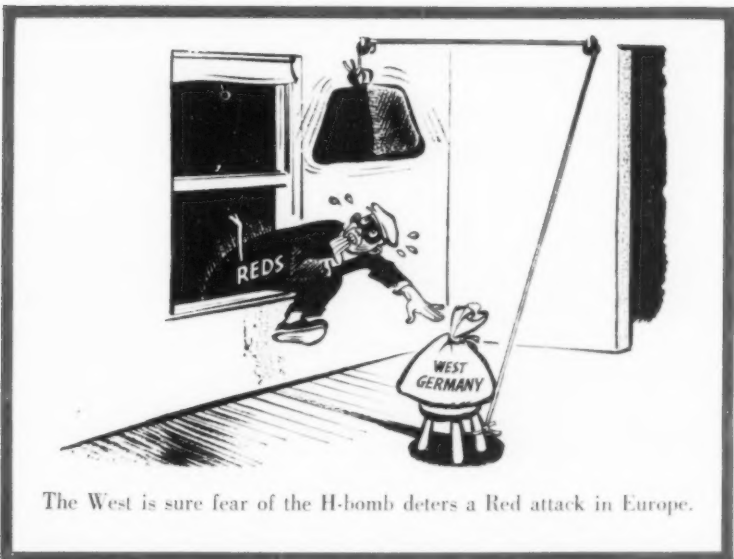
Britain's new Labor Party leader, Hugh Gaitskell, ponders a domestic problem: the homework puzzles of his teen-aged daughters Julia, at left, and Cressida.



BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE

At Ottawa



The super-bomb stalemate

DEFENSE programs don't show it yet, but the nations of the Western alliance are taking a hard new look at their policy in the cold war. They have become less interested in how many divisions they can put in the field, and more interested in the political strategy of "competitive co-existence."

European members of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, and Canada too, are now convinced that Soviet Russia has no intention of provoking a major, nuclear war. Any aggressive move in Europe would bring atomic retaliation, not only from the distant United States but also from nearby Britain. This certainty of reprisal, not the strength of garrisons on the ground, is what deters a Soviet attack on Western Europe. Therefore, say the Europeans, what difference does it make whether NATO has seventy or sixty or only fifty divisions?

This reasoning has not affected the military programs actually in being, because there isn't enough money anyway, in present appropriations, to carry out present plans. Where the effect is visible is in the targets at which NATO is supposed to be aiming. A few years ago it was agreed, on paper at least, that ninety-five divisions were the absolute minimum required for European safety. Now nobody ever mentions a figure higher than seventy, and there seems to be no real intention to raise even that many.

Discussions nowadays focus on air defense and radar early-warning systems, but even these talks are somewhat half-hearted. Soviet Russia has

several hundred modern submarines, big enough to launch guided missiles against North America from mid-Atlantic. Radar screens on the ground won't stop these submarines—in fact, the device which will stop them has not yet been invented. There is accordingly little enthusiasm for spending money on an electronic Maginot Line.

"Maybe we've been a little too successful," one Canadian said wryly, "in persuading the Europeans that North America is the main target of attack."

But though there may be an element of complacency in the new indifference to military preparedness, there is also a real bafflement. Everybody recognizes that the hydrogen bomb created a new situation and made old weapons and old methods obsolete. Nobody yet knows what the new defense structure ought to be.

Militarily, therefore, all we can do is mark time and hope the Communists are in the same dense fog. If they are, both sides are still protected by the stalemate which Sir Winston Churchill called "a balance of terror."

Politically, the situation is not so baffling but it's even more complex, and in some ways almost equally disturbing.

So far as Europe itself is concerned, Canadian policy makers are more cheerful now than they were a few months ago. Before the North Atlantic Council meeting in Paris last December, there were grave doubts here about Germany. Chancellor Adenauer might be resolved to stand firm against

Continued on page 59

Canadian Achievement..



MILLIONS IN MINERALS

Canada's large and varied mineral estate has been clearly manifested by the discoveries and developments in the past fifteen years . . . especially since World War Two.

The nickel deposits in the Sudbury Basin are now a source of some 70% of the world nickel output. During 1954, Saskatchewan and Manitoba came rapidly to the forefront in Canadian mineral production.

Nickel was added to Manitoba's metal output by the commencement of production at Lynn Lake, following one of the most ingenious feats ever performed in the history of Canadian mining . . . dismantling of an entire town and the equipment of a mine, and their removal to a new site 150 miles away.

Canada can now supply the nickel needs of almost the entire world . . . a notable achievement that keeps the eyes of the world focused on Canada.

Wawanesa Mutual too is a notable Canadian achievement . . . 60 years ago 20 farmers in the Wawanesa, Manitoba area formed a mutual insurance company . . .

today Wawanesa protects the property of more Canadians than any other company.



The **Wawanesa**
Mutual Insurance Company

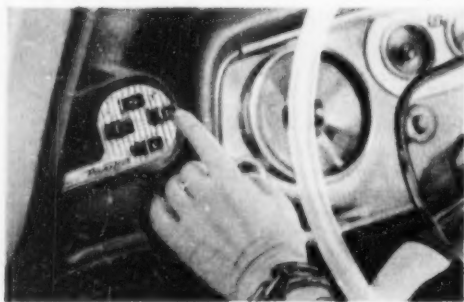
*Your heart sings...
at the very first sight!*



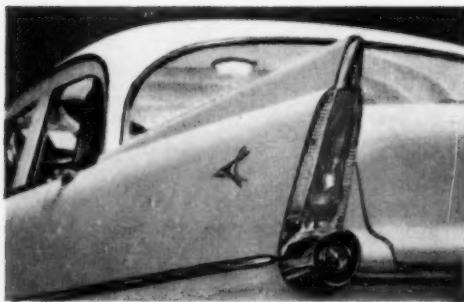
'56 Plymouth Belvedere V-8 4-door sedan

New Flight-Styled '56 PLYMOUTH V-8

NEW ENGINES UP TO 200 HORSEPOWER



Put your finger on a new kind of driving with Plymouth push-button PowerFlite, optional on all models! Press your finger on the button... step on the gas... and GO! This is safer driving, too! Control panel is placed to left of driver, out of passengers' reach.



Your pulse will quicken to a new kind of beauty, so clearly evident in this new Plymouth version of the Forward Look. You see it in the new Flight-Sweep of rear quarter panels... in the tall, rakish taillights... in all the '56 Plymouth's graceful, modern contours!

MANUFACTURED IN CANADA BY CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED

See the new Plymouth with the FORWARD LOOK  ...now on display!

Here is a car so fresh and youthful and spirited in concept that you feel good just looking at it!

And when you take the wheel, this dramatic beauty comes to life... at the turn of a key, the touch of a button. For that's all you do to start driving with '56 Plymouth's new push-button PowerFlite, the most easily controlled automatic transmission yet designed! Then tread down ever so lightly on the accelerator, and feel that surging Plymouth power ZOOM into action. New Six develops up to 128 h.p.; new Hy-Fire V-8 up to 200 h.p. Both engines have higher torque for livelier getaway, safer passing.

Only Plymouth in the low-priced field brings such fine-car luxury to all Canada. Only Plymouth puts such wonderful driving ease at your command. It's time to see your dealer and drive one yourself.

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MACLEAN'S
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE



This is one of the rare photographs of the publicity-shy Bennetts. Left to right: Archie, David, Jacob.

THESE THREE MEN ARE Canada's biggest landlords

All these familiar firms and many more rent
space under the Bennett brothers' roofs across the country.
Here is the full story of a retailing phenomenon—
the shopping centres

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

CANADIANS this year will make tens of millions of shopping expeditions for everything from Geiger counters to meat balls. Among the stores they'll visit will be a spanking new Woolworth's in Vancouver, a modern Agnew-Surpass shoe store in Regina, a shiny Zeller's in Montreal and forty shops of assorted kinds at Toronto's Lawrence Plaza shopping centre.

These—plus an estimated hundred and fifty million dollars worth of other retail stores on the main streets or in the suburbs of almost every Canadian city—belong, not to the merchants who occupy them, but to a clan of mysterious, look-alike Toronto brothers—Archie, Jacob and David Bennett. They are philosophical recluses, so secretive about their activities that few of their own employees know which of them is president of their company—Principal Investments Ltd.—a business without parallel on this continent.

The Bennetts have become Canada's biggest landlords by the simple device of building stores, leasing them to retailers, and collecting as rental a percentage of the sales.

CONTINUED
.....
NEXT PAGE



GOLDEN MILE PLAZA, a four-million-dollar Bennett centre in a Toronto suburb, has a built-in movie. The chain aims at annual gross sales of four hundred million by 1959.

CANADA'S BIGGEST LANDLORDS *continued*

From their chartreuse-and-pink leathered desks in semi-darkened offices on Toronto's Richmond Street, they are today changing the shopping habits of Canadian housewives and forcing downtown merchants into battle for the retail dollar.

This battle began in 1952 when the Bennetts put up a small experimental shopping centre in the northwest outskirts of Toronto and awkwardly labeled it a "commercial area." The new

retailing area—based on an idea dating back to the city squares of the Roman Empire—was designed to provide one-stop shopping facilities. It is, in effect, a horizontal department store. By next year the little-known brothers will have built, in Canada, the world's largest shopping-centre chain, expected to be selling annually goods worth four hundred million dollars by 1959.

Canadians are flocking into the Bennetts'

centres not only to shop, but also to square dance, listen to band concerts, pray, practice fly-casting and teach their wives to drive.

The brothers finance their centres through a hectic juggling of rentals against mortgage payments. About sixty percent of each centre's cost is covered by a first mortgage arranged with one of the eight Canadian and U. S. insurance companies that regularly back Bennett ventures. For most of the balance, the brothers sell private bonds to associates and investment dealers. A three-million-dollar centre may thus cost the Bennetts little more than a hundred thousand dollars in cash. To whittle down a centre's cost—thereby reducing the amount on which rents must yield a return—the Bennetts do their own building under the guidance of seventy-five architects and engineers.

Principal Investments repays its loans—and makes its profits—from store rentals. Each tenant pays a percentage of his sales, plus a minimum guarantee. The annual rent paid by a supermarket amounts to between one and two percent of the year's turnover; Woolworth's and Zeller's pay between five and six percent. Jewelry and specialty gift stores are assessed up to eight percent; candy shops and drug stores, six percent. The Bennetts' leases normally run

Besides making millions from a shopping revolution, Archie Bennett studies philosophy and baseball and writes a column



for twenty-five years and provide for maintenance and cleaning arrangements, trash disposal, signs, opening hours, snow removal, range of merchandise to be sold and exactly where store employees may park their cars.

There are now ten Principal Investments shopping centres—one each in Ottawa, Hamilton, Kitchener, two near Montreal and five around Toronto. During the next eight months the Bennetts will open thirty-two million dollars worth of centres in Ottawa, Fort William, Sarnia, St. Catharines, Kingston and Port Credit, Ont., plus two more units in the Toronto district and a regional centre near Oshawa. In 1957 they plan to open centres worth thirty-eight million dollars in Brantford, London, Regina, Saint John, Sudbury, Windsor, Quebec City, Three Rivers and five more in Toronto's suburbs. The Bennetts' 1958 plans call for at least a dozen more major centres and pocket editions for smaller communities, bringing the value of their shopping centre ownership to more than a hundred million dollars—this in addition to their other real estate holdings in enterprises other than shopping centres.

The Bennetts' shopping centre operation runs almost on its own momentum. A dozen retailing chains, like Woolworth's, Loblaws and Zeller's,

automatically enter each new Bennett centre. These organizations are geared for continual expansion, and the brothers have to keep feeding them new locations; they cannot stop without the danger of losing some of these firms as tenants. Such a loss might stunt permanently the Bennetts' growth in this field, because Canada has only a limited number of nationally known retailers and their participation in a shopping centre guarantees shopper traffic.

No one, including the Bennetts, who don't have time or inclination for such things, has ever added up the number of buildings across Canada owned by Principal Investments. A special closet-size vault at the company's head office holds forty-two green filing cabinets, jammed with records of the brothers' possessions.

Properties include more than a thousand stores rented to Zeller's, F. W. Woolworth, Loblaws, Metropolitan Stores, Walker Stores, Reitman's, Tamblins, S. S. Kresge, Laura Secord, Agnew-Surpass, Dominion Stores, Hunt's, Bata and Kent shoe shops, A & P, Tip Top Tailors, as well as hundreds of independent retailers. The Bennetts also own the majority of Canadian Famous Players theatres and more than 150 branches of six of Canada's ten chartered banks.

Principal Investments holdings stretch from

Vancouver Island to the Maritimes, but are most concentrated in and around Toronto. "You can't find an important business block in this city," says Toronto realtor S. E. Lyons, "where the Bennetts do not own property." In downtown Toronto, the busy brothers are now planning a giant airline-limousine terminal which may eventually double as a heliport, a three-hundred-room hotel and ten large office buildings. Near Thistletown, Ont., on Toronto's outskirts, they are investing fifteen million dollars to create a new two-hundred-acre community, which will include a thirty-seven-acre shopping centre, four hundred apartments and five hundred homes. The houses will be built by contractors. "We do not," says Archie Bennett, "waste our special talents and skills on residential construction."

Real-estate promotion and development is not the Bennetts' only business. In 1907, when David E. Bennett was fourteen, his father Saul, a Kingston lumber-yard operator, sent him for a summer holiday to his uncle, a variety-store merchant in Peterborough, Ont. When the uncle became ill, young David took over the store's management for a few weeks. He did so well that his father predicted David would someday run his own department store. The prophesy came true two years ago. *Continued on page 52*

Bruce Hutchison
rediscovers

THE
UNKNOWN
COUNTRY
V

Industrial Quebec



COLOR PHOTOS FOR MACLEAN'S BY RONNY JAUQUES

*"Quebec has ceased to be an island
in the sea of modern America.*

*Here the revolution of the machine threatens
the age-old habits of a race
and dooms the isolation
of an ancient peasant society"*

THE DREARY hamlet of Little Pabos stands on the south shore of the Gaspé peninsula—a few houses leaning against the Atlantic gales, a store and garage. Little Pabos is so little that few road maps mention it. But its meaning on the blurred map of Canadian civilization is gigantic and incalculable.

My car, just out of the factory, broke down at Little Pabos and that was fortunate. For half a day I found myself exposed at firsthand to several of the largest and least-known facts in the nation's life.

They were not immediately apparent. Little Pabos looked like countless villages in Quebec. A bitter wind off Chaleur, Cartier's bay of warmth, rattled the houses, almost hurled a passing cartload of manure from the road and sent the petticoats of a stout lady flying about her head as she attacked her back garden with a mattock. It was the Queen's birthday and the children, like children all over Canada, celebrated with purchases of Coke and candy at the big store. The garage might have been any other from here to Vancouver.

But the great national facts were present

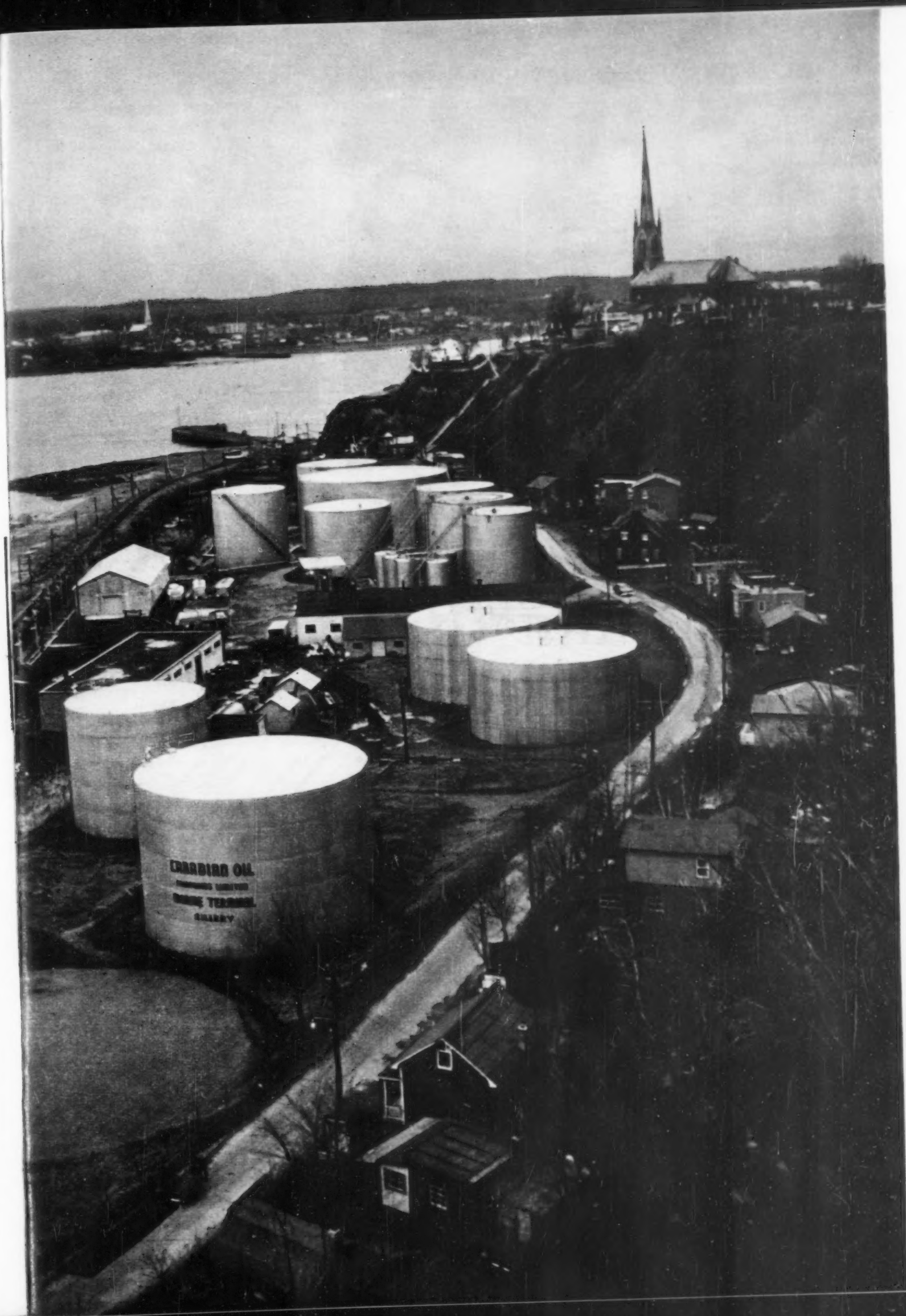
just the same, all the more vivid because Little Pabos had concentrated them in a small space and saw no reason to disguise them from strangers.

The owner of the garage was a tall man, dark, pale and strikingly handsome in his superbly tailored city clothes, his manner grave, his speech courtly—a *grand seigneur*, if there ever was one, presiding over a garage in Little Pabos. And though he may not have known it, he was the portent of French Canada in revolution.

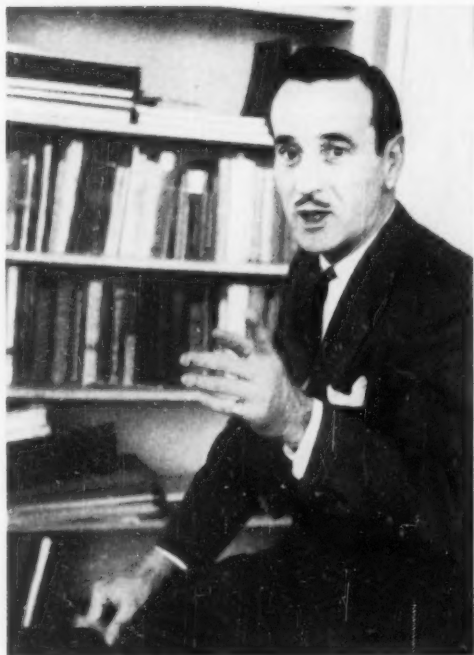
Nodding solemnly at my outrageous French, he introduced me to a man with swarthy face and quick nervous grin. I had expected a bungling village roustabout. This was a mechanic of genius; also an actor, perhaps in a collective sense the leading actor, of the Quebec drama. In the course of brief acquaintanceship I was to learn that he had been raised on one of these windswept postage-stamp farms at the edge of the sea, had spent five winters studying machinery in Montreal and in all his journeys had learned no English.

Listening carefully to the squeak of the motor, his eyes closed in concentration, he shook his head

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▼ THEY LIKE THE NEW SYSTEM — NO COMPETITIVE MARKING



"FAR SUPERIOR"

L. B. BISSELL, Etobicoke (Ont.) principal: "The parent should get to know the teacher to gain understanding of her evaluation of the child."



"DEFINITELY BETTER"

DOROTHY MILLICHAMP, Institute of Child Study: "If there must be reports, the subjective type takes the emphasis off the conflict in school."



"INDIVIDUAL ABILITY"

HAROLD WHITLEY, Toronto principal: "I can't tell you how many children I have seen frustrated and made miserable by those old reports."

Who's winning the battle over

▼ THEY PREFER THE OLD SYSTEM — STRICT COMPETITIVE MARKING



"LIFE IS COMPETITION"

A. E. O'NEILL, retired Oshawa (Ont.) principal: "You can be too kind . . . I think this sort of thing could weaken our national character."



"CHILDREN ARE TOUGH"

MARY MAHON, North York (Ont.) trustee: "I think children are the toughest things on earth . . . they don't get complexes that easily."



"MUST BE CONSTRUCTIVE"

N. V. SCARFE, University of Manitoba: "The parent deserves to be told how well the child is doing in relation to others in the class."

In the new-style reports a child competes with himself—not against others. Many parents don't know if the switch is good or bad and even teachers—see opposite page—can't agree

BY ROBERT FULFORD

ACROSS THE STORMY field of modern education the winds of controversy blow ceaselessly. There have been tempests over reading methods, squalls about school architecture and the occasional gust about the use of the strap. But some of the bitterest gales of all have centred around a new approach to an old institution—the report card.

In the past decade hundreds of communities across Canada have introduced radically new systems of reporting how Johnny is doing at school. Under the old system, Johnny competed with his fellows and got "marks"; under the new, he competes with himself and gets no clear-cut mark at all. As a result parents and teachers have become involved in a lively

terms. That is, it applies the same impersonal standard to all pupils, regardless of their individual intelligence. It may give a child's standing in class in each subject or list his marks in mathematical percentages or perhaps give letter grades—A, B, C and D. But however it reports, all children, whether bright or stupid, get the same marks or grades for the same work.

But the new report is coming into use in an increasing number of Canadian schools. It reports on pupils' achievements in subjective terms. That is, it sets a separate, unique standard for each child. The child takes an intelligence test and the teacher bases the marks on what the child has learned in relation to his ability to learn. If a child with high intelligence

major school boards across the country and thirteen of them replied that their systems used subjective—that is, the "new"—reports in some form or another. The new method has been introduced throughout British Columbia, where standardized reports are printed by the provincial department of education rather than the local municipalities. They have also turned up in such widely scattered communities as Edmonton and Regina, Windsor and Peterborough.

Most systems using subjective reports employ them in the early grades and then switch to old-fashioned objective reporting in the upper grades. British Columbia schools, for instance, have subjective cards for the first three grades, then combine them with objective reports in the

REPORT CARDS?

non-stop debate about the value of the new reports. The controversy hasn't ended but there's now some indication of which side is winning.

The debate can hardly be called clear cut. Some of the people who support the new system of reporting on a student's school work have grave reservations about some aspects of it. Some of the people who attack it with vigor are only attacking certain parts of it.

The controversy not only swirls around the pros and cons of the new system but also touches on such specific and often puzzling problems as what an "A" rating ought to mean. Other facets of the debate centre on the broader question of whether there should be such things as report cards at all.

Because of the complexities of the Canadian educational set-up, no one knows for sure how many schools are using how many versions of the new reporting system. And because of the complexity of the new-style report itself, a good many people (including some teachers) aren't quite sure what it means or how it works.

The new report card that touched off the controversy is an important part of an attempt by some educators to shield public-school children from what they consider to be the harmful effects of competition. It is the precise opposite of the report that most adults of today brought home when they were children.

The old-style report is, however, still in use in a majority of Canadian schools. It still reports on pupils' achievements in objective

and a dull child happen to do exactly the same work, the bright child may get only a C or worse while the dull child may get an A. The reasoning is that the bright child is not doing as well as he should while the dull child is working to the limit of his ability.

Both extremes—the class standings widely used twenty years ago and the purely subjective reports that are gaining popularity—are now in use in Canada. But most reporting systems lie somewhere in between them. There are some forms of report cards in which there is no grading mentioned but in which the pupil is marked "doing best" or "can do better" or "is improving." Then there are others which attempt to combine all methods.

No one knows just how many Canadian school systems have switched to the new method of reporting. Canadian education is divided into ten separate provincial systems, each with its own curriculum, and the reporting systems are mostly laid down by thousands of individual school boards, some with dozens of schools and some with only one or two. After they are set out by the boards and the boards' superintendents, they may be interpreted differently by inspectors and principals and even individual teachers. In the end often the only people who really know what any one teacher is doing are the teacher herself and the parents of her pupils.

However, a survey taken by the Canadian Education Association indicates that the new method is making considerable progress. The CEA questioned thirty-three superintendents in

following years until by Grade VII the pupil is taking home a report that tells the cold, hard facts. Regina also uses subjective reports in the first three grades and then switches to the traditional method in the fourth grade. Dartmouth, N.S., has an unusual variation. When the children enter school they are tested and each class is divided into three groups by intelligence. They are marked in competition with the other children in their own intelligence groups until the end of grade two. In grade three the objective—that is the "old"—method is begun.

Though different school boards apply the new methods differently, the same theory moves them to adopt subjective reporting. The theory is that children should not be pushed into competition when they have no chance of succeeding; that the work of dull children should not be judged on the same terms as the work of intelligent children. "Expecting all small children to compete on the same basis is like forcing a Clydesdale horse to compete in the jumping ring against a trained jumper," says Z. S. Phimister, superintendent of public schools for Toronto. Furthermore, most school systems today discourage the old practice of letting a dull child stay in the same grade for several years. They feel this not only has a damaging psychological effect on the child but also robs him of the extra education he might pick up in the higher grades. So most systems using the new reports move the child through the grades even though his achievement.

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The man with the acres of lambs



Rancher Hayward

William Hayward's 7500 sheep spend most of their lives eating their way across British Columbia, coping with nervous breakdowns, hungry wild animals and Rocky Mountain rams intent on adding variety to their harems

By DOUGLAS DACRE



EXODUS BEGINS as packer Clem Cummings breaks morning camp on long summer drive to grasslands. **ON THE TRAIL** the river of lamb eddies as sheep stop to nibble. Hayward has Canada's biggest flocks.



TOWARD the end of March hundreds of sightseers drive a dozen miles up the North Thompson River from Kamloops, B.C., for what has become an annual spectacle. In a broad roadside field sheltered by the Selkirk foothills a flock of three thousand ewes gives almost simultaneous birth to forty-five hundred lambs. Within a very few days William Hayward's pastureland becomes carpeted with milling, nuzzling, gambolling shrill-voiced puffs of curly wool.

To parents from the town the event is a delicate opportunity to advance the facts of life from the birds-and-bees stage; young couples and sentimental elders revel in the mass cuteness; the less reverent use it as an excuse for the year's first picnic. But to seventy-five-year-old William Hayward the sudden arrival of forty-five hundred new assets signals the start of a new cycle of tribulation. Being Canada's biggest sheep rancher, he says, brings on one of Canada's biggest headaches.

Hayward's troubles include the hearty dislike of farmers and cattlemen for sheep breeders; bears, cougars and coyotes which hunger for lamb meat—and, finally, Canadian shoppers who don't. Then again, those most jittery and delicate of animals (a sheep can fret itself to death for practically no reason at all) nevertheless thrive in rugged terrain. And when it comes to miscellaneous problems, Hayward has a few that not even the gloomiest of lowland farmers can match—such as wild Rocky Mountain rams that persist in trying (sometimes successfully) to abduct his ewes for their own crag-top harems.

Most of the lambs' misadventures occur during a great round-trip journey that occupies more than half their brief lives. It takes them on foot from the base of the Rockies to the grassy uplands of the Coast Range two hundred miles to the northwest. They eat their leisurely way nearly halfway across British Columbia and back again. By the time they return to the Hayward ranch they're eight or nine months old and ready for a final fattening and the trip to



IN HIGH COUNTRY the herders and their dogs keep a keen watch for raiding wolves, coyotes and grizzlies. Average loss is twenty from 7500 flock.

PHOTOS BY JACK V. LONG

market. The ewes go along too. As the ranch's breeding stock, they may take part in six or seven annual treks before their useful lamb-bearing life is over and they too make the final journey to the packing plants. When this happens, the elderly ewes undergo a strange rejuvenation. Their meat is generally marketed as some version of "lamb." Canadians, it seems, do not find the word "mutton" appetizing.

Early in June the great exodus of sheep begins. Hayward rounds up his flock of seventy-five hundred behind the red-and-white buildings of his six-hundred-acre ranch. For the next five months the only sheep on Canada's largest sheep ranch will be one hundred patriarchal rams which spend a leisurely summer of bachelorhood at home.

Milling ewes and lambs are finally separated into three flocks of approximately equal size. At intervals of three days, calculated to keep about twenty miles between them, the flocks in turn wind slowly over a hill and disappear toward the northwest. On the heels of each flock a shepherd trudges; on the flanks three black-and-white collies frisk watchfully. Bringing up the rear is the shepherd's assistant, known as a packer, who rides a horse and leads five pack animals loaded down with the expedition's equipment and food.

The owner of these floods of sheep is a white-haired, keen-eyed, lean ex-Maritime who moved to Alberta in 1902. When World War I sent wool prices soaring, William Hayward abandoned mixed farming to concentrate on sheep. Before long he found himself involved in a century-old struggle that is part of the history of western North America: cattlemen versus sheepmen.

In the rivalry for grasslands, the cattlemen charged that sheep cropped the grass so short that the grazing was ruined for a long time. The grass might even die, they insisted, and dust-bowl conditions result. The sheepmen usually kept a discreet silence, grazed their sheep until the cattlemen grew dangerously incensed, then moved on to remoter regions. Recalling his own misadventures in Alberta thirty years ago, Hayward now says tersely, "The cattlemen finally crowded me out."

Hayward chartered a freight train, loaded it with his family, household goods, farm equipment and four thousand sheep, and moved to his present location. Unlike most western ranchers, who raise sheep as a sideline to cattle, Hayward still concentrates on sheep and his maximum flock of seventy-six hundred or so is about twice as large as other big western flocks. Hayward's two sons, Lloyd and

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BLACK SHEEP, purposely bred, runs in each group as marker, helps herder keep his tally.



Who would marry a riverman?



ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE JOHNSON

All along the Mackenzie down to Aklavik
all the girls
knew the wild and laughing Johnny Muskeg.
But only Robina made him think of marriage.
Then along came Alwin,
the Ottawa clerk, with his pink bath towels

BY ROBERT KROETSCH

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, FEBRUARY 4, 1956



Then Johnny noticed the girl with the fair hair . . . graceful and slim as fireweed.

USUALLY when the boat landed, the three of them came in together for a drink, but this time there were only Gabe and Little Joe. They sat down at our table with an empty chair between them. Someone moved two glasses with the calculated innocence of a chess player and everyone watched from behind a long swallow.

Gabe wiped the foam off his upper lip like a man just back from a funeral. "Our Johnny Muskeg," he began, "he loved a woman, you understand. And she loved him too, in a way, and in a way she didn't."

Little Joe was trying to grow a beard and he stroked the fuzz on his chin as if he expected to catch a couple mice. "Dames are like that," he said. "I been trying to tell you."

Gabriel Mercredi had long grey hair and a curved pipe that smelled like the previous century, and everyone nodded as if they thought he should know about dames. He only picked up his glass and said, "It is not good to love a riverman."

Gabe was a pilot on the Sickanni Queen. He'd brought the boat and her three barges into Yellowknife Bay that morning after coming up the Mackenzie from Aklavik.

When he put down his glass again he said, "Robina, she could tell you. Oh, it is hard not to love some rivermen. They are carefree and wild and full of laughter. But they are fickle too, like the wind on Great Slave Lake, and they come in and they leave again like the tide at Tuktoyaktuk. It is not good to love them."

"Just tell them what happened," Little Joe said. "You ain't telling them nothing."

So Little Joe explained himself.

They were landing at Aklavik on the down-river run and Johnny Muskeg was anxious to get ashore because he had a surprise for his girl. He was out on the forward barge with a heaving line in his hand—till all of a sudden he dropped it.

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THE BRONZE MERCURY was the title fans gave Canadian Tom Longboat (right). His long-distance races with Alfie Shrubbs (left) became legends. But by 1909, when he lost this Montreal race, Tom, only twenty-one, was slipping.



GARBAGEMAN Longboat was broke at forty. He died in 1949.

The rise and fall of TOM LONGBOAT

He hated to train, and he was a fool with his money.
But for half a dozen dazzling years this Canadian Indian
could run farther, faster than any man alive.
His downfall was just as swift

By FERGUS CRONIN

A TWO-FOOT wooden marker over an Indian Agrave near Brantford, Ont., is the only monument today to a man who once was the best-known athlete in the world. His was a Horatio Alger story in reverse. For him there was no long struggle against odds, no interminable hours of training for a gradual and painful climb to the top. He started very near the top in 1906 and was not long in reaching it. Then, over the years, he worked his way to the bottom. Literally, his was a story of Public Hero to Garbage Collector.

Tom Longboat became undisputed champion long-distance runner of the world in a little more than two years after his name was first heard outside the Six Nations reserve near Brantford. A cigar was named after him (a high honor fifty years ago) and his popularity reached such heights that police stopped him from taking part in races finishing in Toronto because spectators jammed traffic in the business section. His star was bright but short-lived, and before it faded out Longboat became the world's most controversial sports figure in the period before the first war.

He was a naive, long-limbed youth of nineteen, five-foot-ten-and-a-half in height and weighing about one hundred and forty pounds, when he took time out from his farm work on the reserve to try his luck in the 1906 edition of a race sponsored by the Hamilton Herald and known as the Around-the-Bay Race. It was slightly more than nineteen miles, beginning and ending at the newspaper office and extending around Hamilton Bay.

It was the year of the discovery of vitamins the launching of the ill-fated Lusitania, the opening of a new mining camp at Cobalt, Ont. A Canadian, Tommy Burns, was heavyweight champion of the world. Sir Wilfrid Laurier was prime minister. It was a prosperous year, and although Canadians worked ten hours a day for an average annual wage of about four hundred dollars, they could buy an English-made suit for ten dollars, a fur coat for twenty-one and a trans-Atlantic trip for twenty-six. Moving pictures had not yet replaced the stage as the standard of entertainment; most families owned a pair of opera glasses; Ethel Barrymore was popular in the New York theatre; Will J. White was Canada's top comedian, and the people were singing the new hits, Wait 'til the Sun Shines, Nellie, Mary's a Grand Old Name, and A Woman is Only a Woman but a Good Cigar is a Smoke.

Longboat had developed his running legs chasing cows around the woods and fields of the Brantford reserve. He was a full-blooded Onondaga, one of the six tribes that make up the Iroquois confederacy. At the Caledonia Fair held on the edge of the reserve in the fall of 1905 Tom was an easy winner. Then in 1906 another Indian runner, Bill Davis, began to coach Longboat for the Hamilton Herald race. The favorite that year was John D. Marsh, who had set many distance records in England and was now a resident of Winnipeg. There were about forty contenders.

Longboat stepped

Continued on page 37

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK



ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN tells

How to survive a children's

Just pass the milk and biscuits,

stay out of their way and be yourself, is Bob's advice. Kids are simply people—even at a party

I'VE SEEN a lot of children's birthday parties, as father, guest, chauffeur and back-yard observer. I've discovered that whenever parents find a kid's party an ordeal it's usually because of a fault in their own point of view. For example, many mothers arrange children's parties as a dutiful payment of a debt to other mothers who gave parties. There's nothing wrong with this in itself. But when children are just tied to balloons and regarded as small markers in a neighborhood good-sportsmanship contest, they're not being taken seriously as people. And as soon as you forget that a child is a person, it's like forgetting to look for little toy steam shovels before you sit down in an easy chair.

I knew a lovely, inexperienced, unmotherly looking young mother who just decided fatalistically that it was her turn to throw a party and put up with her share of noise, and who took a psychological skid on the simple fact that all children aren't noisy. She gave a party for her daughter and, when the first guest scratched softly at the front door, just butted her cigarette as if driving in a thumbtack, exhaled so vigorously she lifted her bangs, and prepared for three hours of sheer bedlam. She was completely overlooking the fact that some children, particularly little girls in the lower age groups, get more solemn and sad-looking the more excited they get.

She began boisterously handing out balloons, candy, favors, and romping around with a big collie, and about three-thirty began to realize that she was the only one making a noise. All the little girls stood around her lawn in little groups, clutching their prizes and looking sadly into one another's faces from a distance of about three inches, as if they were trees. The woman, convinced that she was flopping as a hostess, nervously lit a cigarette and made a rather panicky attempt to get the party rolling again.

"Let's all play a game," she shouted gaily. "Let's play 'I Know Where You

Are.' I am a piece of fudge and I am hidden somewhere. Now where am I?"

Everyone looked at her in silent fascination.

"Where am I?" the woman cried wildly.

Nobody said a word. Each kid's emotional pattern was vibrating at high frequency, but to the woman it just looked as if they thought she'd gone nuts.

"Am I under a pot holder?" she suggested frantically.

The kids studied her from beneath contracted eyebrows.

The woman jammed her cigarette between her lips, lifted her arms suddenly in an abandoned gesture, letting her bracelets jangle down to her shoulders, and shouted around her cigarette:

"Am I inside a pot?"

In a few minutes the woman was just shouting, "I am a piece of fudge," and by this time she was beginning to believe it and, as far as I know, she still does, because I left right after that feeling strangely depressed and haven't seen her since.

This woman, with the best of intentions, had concentrated too much on the idea of giving a party because she thought it was her duty, and not enough on the fact that children are small adults with basically the same personalities they will take with them to their fiftieth wedding anniversaries.

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON



birthday party

Children's parties have to be planned with just as much thought and attention as adult parties. A glib wholesale herding together of a lot of children for some ultimate adult purpose doesn't particularly bother the kids, but eventually it will bother the adults, as when they give parties for the subconscious purpose of easing their consciences. Few of us are as good to our children as we'd like to be, and a party seems a chance to make up for it all at once. It's like suddenly trying to make up for being strict with a child's diet by letting him smoke a cigar.

A couple of weeks ago I took my daugh-

ter to a party given for the spindly little daughter of enlightened parents who had managed never to let her have candy, comics, frivolous clothes, carbonated drinks, or any books on any subject more exciting than Greek mythology. They'd done such a thorough job of it that they felt vaguely guilty about it and decided they could afford to let the bars down on her birthday and let her have one good fling. Halfway through the party she sat grappling to her bosom six Range Rider comic books, a box of bubble gum, a Debbie Reynolds cutout set, half a dozen chocolate bars and her first pair

Continued on next page



Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



Bill Holden, a rolling stone with a good pitch, draws the women even at a picnic.

BEST BET

PICNIC: William Inge's enjoyable comedy-drama tells of a rolling stone (William Holden) who quickly gathers more than his share of lavender-scented moss while stirring up the womenfolk of a placid country town. Ace filmmaker Daniel Taradash (who did *From Here to Eternity*) has creatively adapted the play for the screen, and Broadway's Joshua Logan makes an impressive debut as a movie director, although one or two of the human relationships in the story are rather sketchily explained. On the whole, a dandy show for adults. With Rosalind Russell, Kim Novak, Susan Strasberg, Arthur O'Connell.

GLORY: Margaret O'Brien, now eighteen and lovely, is the charming star of this outrageously corny racetrack yarn. Fine for kiddies.

THE GOOD DIE YOUNG: A pretentious British melodrama, well acted in spots, about four desperate strangers who plan a holdup together. The Anglo-American cast includes Gloria Grahame, Richard Basehart, Joan Collins, Stanley Baker, Robert Morley.

HEIDI AND PETER: The dubbed-in English dialogue often has a stilted ring, but a pleasant story and magnificent Alpine scenery make this a recommendable item for younger customers.

HELEN OF TROY: A real whopper of a widescreen costume spectacle, with Italy's stunning Rossana Podesta as the queen with the face that launched a thousand ships. It's good entertainment despite the presence of every cliché in the swashbuckler repertoire.

TARANTULA: A spider twice as big as a house, and growing bigger by the minute, is the villain in this science-fiction fable. There are a few exciting moments.

Gilmour's guide to the current crop

The African Lion: Wildlife. Good.
All That Heaven Allows: Drama. Fair.
Artists and Models: Comedy. Poor.
The Big Knife: Drama. Good.
Blood Alley: Adventure. Fair.
The Colditz Story: Drama. Good.
Count 3 and Pray: Drama. Fair.
Cult of the Cobra: Horror. Poor.
The Dam Busters: Air war. Excellent.
The Deep Blue Sea: Drama. Good.
The Desperate Hours: Drama. Excellent.
Doctor at Sea: British comedy. Fair.
Female on the Beach: Drama. Fair.
5 Against the House: Drama. Fair.
The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing: Drama. Fair.
Good Morning, Miss Dove: Small-town comedy-drama. Fair.
The Great Adventure: Wildlife. Excellent.
Guys and Dolls: Musical. Excellent.
House of Bamboo: Suspense. Good.
I Am a Camera: Comedy. Fair.
I Died a Thousand Times: Drama. Poor.
It's Always Fair Weather: Satire and musical comedy. Excellent.
Lady and the Tramp: Cartoon. Good.
The Left Hand of God: Drama. Fair.
Lucy Gallant: Drama. Fair.
A Man Alone: Western. Fair.
Marty: Comedy-drama. Excellent.

The McConnell Story: Aviation drama. Fair.
Mister Roberts: Comedy. Excellent.
My Sister Eileen: Comedy. Fair.
The Night My Number Came Up: British suspense drama. Good.
The Night of the Hunter: Drama. Fair.
Passage Home: Sea drama. Fair.
The Phenix City Story: Crime. Good.
Queen Bee: Drama. Fair.
Quentin Durward: Adventure. Good.
Rebel Without a Cause: Drama. Fair.
Running Wild: Crime. Fair.
The Second Greatest Sex: Open-air operetta. Fair.
The Sheep Has Five Legs: Comedy from France. Excellent.
The Shrike: Psychiatric drama. Fair.
Special Delivery: Comedy. Fair.
Summertime: Romance. Excellent.
The Tender Trap: Comedy. Good.
Tennessee's Partner: Western. Fair.
Tight Spot: Suspense. Good.
To Hell and Back: War. Good.
Trial: Drama. Excellent.
The Trouble With Harry: Comedy. Good.
Ulysses: Adventure drama. Fair.
The View From Pompey's Head: Drama. Good.
The Virgin Queen: Historical drama. Good.

of nylon panties—her mind coming slowly unbuttoned.

When her father came over to her and asked her whether she'd have a Coca-Cola or an Orange Crush, the only thing she could think of doing to express her feelings adequately was to stretch her thin neck like a fledgling about to be fed, smile mysteriously, look toward some distant world with a real gone look, and say:

"I-I-I-I-I think—"

Her father's face darkened, but he kept his voice down, gripped the arm of her chair, leaned over and said:

"SHIRLEY. I asked you *what* you would like—a Coca-Cola or an Orange Crush?"

The girl twisted around in all directions except the one her father was in, and said, "I-I-I-I think—"

Her father compressed his lips till he was talking through a little hole about the size of a pea. "Now that you've thought," he said, "what—would—you—like?"

"I-I-I-I-I—"

The father straightened up and walked away with a ghastly good-natured smile on his face. The kid would probably be trying to make up her mind yet if her mother hadn't come over, scrubbed her face briskly with a wad of Kleenex, taken all her presents out of her lap, straightened her bow, slapped her leg, told her to behave herself, handed her a ginger ale and left the kid practically sighing with relief that she didn't have to make any more decisions.

In other words, the same common sense should be applied to children's parties as to any other parties. Everybody knows that unrestrained indulgence is not synonymous with joy, and the mistake this girl's parents made was to regard their child as a normal human being with normal reactions up until the time of her party, when they figured all natural laws should be suspended from two-thirty until four o'clock.

"I'm not afraid of angels"

Some parents seem to figure that nature should not only be suspended at a child's party, but be thrown into reverse. Some mothers, for instance, try to go back to their own childhood and have the party for themselves instead of the children. This often stems from a deep-lying desire to realize some girlhood dream of being a charming, gracious, story-book grownup.

One time I watched from a kitchen while the woman of the house opened the door to her daughter's first guest, smiling like the good fairy and wearing a big star in her hair and carrying a wand, which she'd obviously always wanted to do. Out on the veranda stood a smartly dressed woman holding onto a thin excitable-looking little boy who took one breathless look at the Good Fairy and leaped in terror to his mother's shoulder. His mother just put the kid down. When he said, "I want to go home," and started off the veranda, she grabbed him and walked in the door with him, along with about six yards of carpet that he shoved along in front of his heels. She said she'd pick him up around four-thirty, looking as if she meant four-thirty some day next January.

The Good Fairy kept smiling but her eyes were now as cold as a good fairy who had stopped in at a girdle clearance, and they got colder when the kid refused to play anything, be polite or talk. He just went out to the backyard and started jumping up and down on a little wooden platform, staring into space and chanting something softly that sounded like, "I'm not afraid of angels."

It was clear that what he was trying to do was jump high enough to figure out what had opened the door, and I blame the woman who was giving the party. One of the basic tenets of child psychology is to be natural with children and not to dramatize ourselves. This kid knew that mothers just don't go around smiling like good fairies and wearing stars in their hair, and to be suddenly confronted with one who did simply startled the whey out of him.

A lot of women, instead of pretending they're good fairies, pretend the children are good fairies, or little goblins or something, creating a cute little world of make-believe in which they fondly believe children move and which they would like to get back into themselves. But it's self-evident that children don't think themselves cute; they think they are people. It's adults who think children are cute. Kids are straining with all the force of the life process to get into the real world of things, possession and bargains. To try to arrest the process is what causes some children's parties to get disorganized.

I was at one party where a woman in ballet slippers and long hair tried to get everyone playing a complicated game called *The Witch's Broom*, which she obviously wanted to play and which nobody understood. It took her about ten minutes to explain it; then she sat down at the piano and played spooky music.

The only thing the children caught onto was a part of the game where the woman stopped the music, went into another room, pretending to ride a broom, and came back with a gift for one of the guests. From then on, as soon as she started to play spooky music all the kids got up and walked to the room where the presents were.

"Susan! SU-U-U-U-san!" the woman would cry to one of the guests over the witch music. "You're not supposed to be in there. You're the first goblin!"

Susan, digging starry-eyed into the loot in the other room, would ignore her.

Finally the woman stopped the music, brought all the kids out of the other room and explained that *she* would get the presents. She arranged all the kids around the room in the alphabetic order of their names. Then she went back to the piano and, after the first chorus, cried over her shoulder, "What little goblin has a name that starts with B?"

There'd be a shuffle, as if all the kids were playing musical chairs, as they all changed places trying to get more profitable seats and tried to figure out how to change their names. None of them looked at one another during all this. They just flopped down in the wrong place, staring at a spot in the middle of the floor, blowing up balloons and cheating. It got so disorganized that the woman finally called for help to her husband, a big, shapeless, scrubbed-looking chemist who came up from the cellar and stood watch while his wife played witchy music, picking the kids up and dropping them down in their proper places and looking as though he were dropping them down manholes.

The whole attitude of some parents of regarding a child's party as something whimsical and detached from reality leads to a lot of unnecessary mental strain on the part of parents. They vaguely picture the whole event as a tiny opera, whereas a party is a vital and worldly event to a child. A child doesn't go to a party to play cute games, but to engage in the hurly-burly of life and to take part in important social relationships. Children don't step out of life at a party, but into it.

Yet I've seen parents become very

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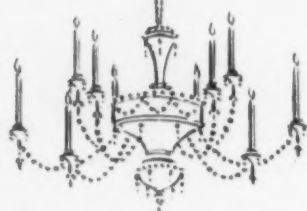
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disturbed because the children engaged in what, to them, was a normal interchange of ideas and gossip. I saw one father, who had made the mistake of coming home from work early for his daughter's first big party, get so disturbed by taking everything the kids said seriously that within five minutes after the guests arrived he was out in the kitchen, pouring himself a beer in a state of mild shock.

"Don't they ever think of anything but money?" he asked, looking, as if hypnotized, through the doorway at a group of guests who sat around in a chummy circle, watching the hostess open her presents.

"It cost a dollar ninety-eight," one little boy said.

"My mother was going to get you a better one but she said you'd only break it anyway," another youngster told the hostess.

She turned and looked at him, gave her head a little nod of complete approval, looked back at the gift he'd brought her, and said, "I've got another one just like it. Maybe I can sell this one. Thank you very much."

"My Daddy forgot where he put that last night," one little boy said, staring at the sewing set he'd brought. "He left it at work with some pots."

The hostess looked at him with interest. "What kind of pots?" she asked.

"My mother said they were rumpots they have at the office, and he had to go back downtown for it. He tried to make everyone laugh when he came home."

The hostess' father at this point got up, quietly closed the kitchen door and just concentrated on his beer, which is really no way to escape a children's party or any of life's realities. The children weren't being especially mercenary; they were just dealing the best they knew how with the real world of wealth and possession and were doing no more than an adult does when he trades a car or puts a product on the market. The fact that they didn't pretend that their only concern was scrupulous ethics and the good of their fellow man was, in my opinion, a point in their favor and was a lot more honest than the way adults try to get something for nothing.

I think parents should keep this in mind when a child tries to get his or her guests to go home as soon as all the presents are opened. A lot of us often wish our guests would go home but just haven't the courage to say it. It's wrong to blame children for having the courage, and not only that, doing something about it. I knew one little boy with a head shaped like an onion who

had a wonderful way of accomplishing this. When he had all his presents and wanted to be alone to play with them, he just got up and announced that he was going to sing a song.

His mother said, "That's a lovely idea, Ronny," and beamed on him. He started to sing *Silent Night* in a quavering flat monotone, on a thin, almost inaudible note. Twenty-five minutes later he was still repeating it and showing signs of keeping it up until the next morning. Some of the kids laughed. His mother laughed. He laughed—then went right back to singing. The guests started to squirm, lie flat on the floor, start looking for their coats. Every five minutes somebody said, "I have to go to the bathroom." They passed one another like complete strangers in the hall, going and coming. The boy started through the verses again, while his mother looked at him, biting her lip and wondering whether if she stopped him she would discourage him with music for life, and whether that would be such a bad idea.

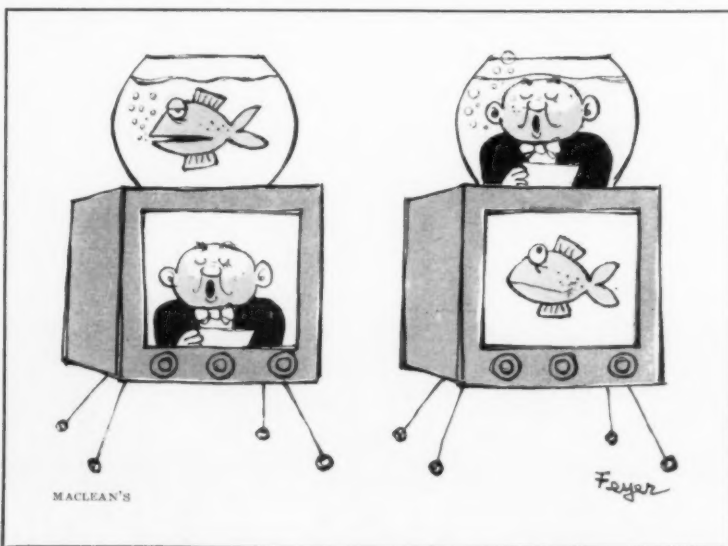
Finally, without missing a verse, he gathered up all his toys, pulled a chair up to the television set, turned it on to a western program and sat there so close to the screen that he concealed a whole herd of cows—still singing *Silent Night*, with a background of gunfire.

His mother finally said, "I think Ronny is being selfish and spoiling everyone else's fun. We'll take a vote on what to do about him. All those who think he is a naughty boy hold up their hands."

All of them held up their hands, even the ones who didn't know what he'd been doing. Ronny turned the volume of the television up a bit and went on singing.

His mother shot a look at him that would have made Dale Evans rein in her horse, and said in a much louder voice: "ALL THOSE WHO ARE GOING TO GO HOME IF RONNY DOESN'T BEHAVE HIMSELF HOLD UP THEIR HANDS."

They all held up their hands and his mother had nothing left to do but to get their coats, which was just what Ronny wanted. In fact, the whole thing was a pretty good illustration of how parents make things tough for themselves at children's birthday parties. This woman really expected her little boy to act the way she thought little boys *should* act, and they rarely do. But neither do adults often act the way they should act, especially at parties. There's no reason to expect children to come any closer to the ideal than grownups. Deciding beforehand that they won't is really the only way to survive children's birthday parties. ★





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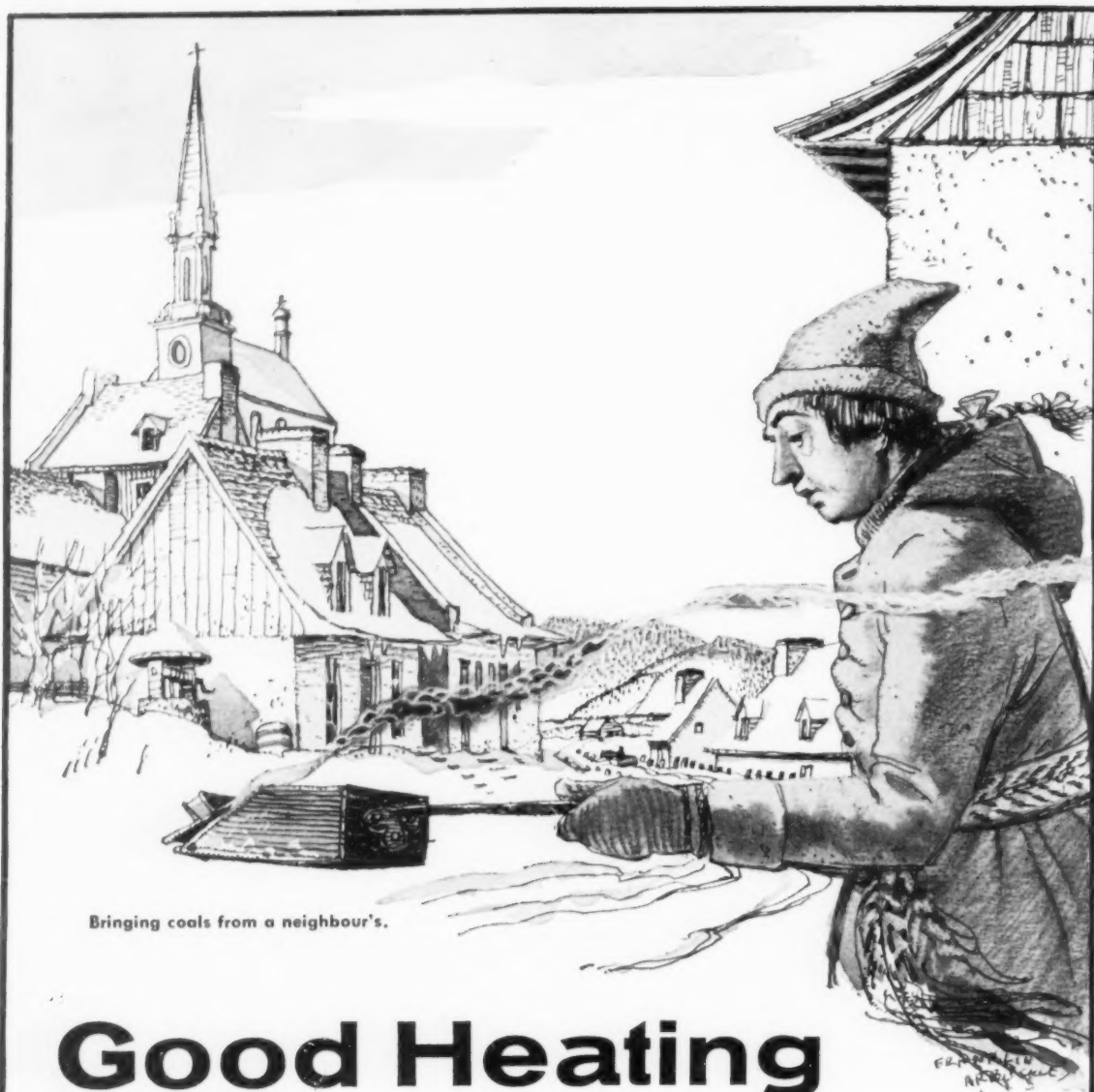
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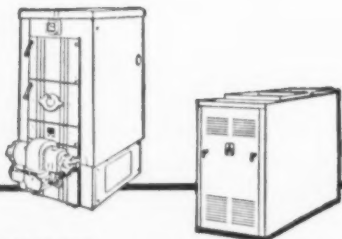
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Who would marry a riverman?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

And he started to unbutton his cuffs. Robina Stewart was on the shore all right. But she was standing farther back than usual. And she was hooked onto some government clerk's right arm as if she was afraid he'd fall into the river.

"The way I got it figured," Little Joe said, "all you got to do is stay away from women. Completely! Just use your head. Just never start anything, that's all."

"The way it began," Gabe said, "we were pulling into Aklavik—not this last time, but two seasons before. It was something like last time, in a way, only Johnny had never met Robina, and we weren't pushed for time. It was turning dark and there was no moon, so we couldn't try the Oniak Channel till dawn. Our boat and three barges were tying up for the night. The boys were happy to have a night ashore. Oh, I went ashore too, but you know, I can only talk and remember. Some of the old women smile when they meet me, and they look away. I was young once, too."

"Yeah, a long time ago," Little Joe said. "But we were tying up in Aklavik two seasons before and so what?"

"So," Gabe went on, "when the forward barge was close to shore our Johnny Muskeg, he made a jump. Like a flying squirrel. He lit on solid ground and ran up the shore with the headline and found a deadman. He made the line fast and waved his arm and the deck hands on the capstan began to take in the slack."

"While Johnny waited he looked around. Everyone meets a boat, you know. The Eskimo boys were watching from the deck of a schooner, and the Indian boys were in a group on the shore, squatting on their haunches. And all the girls were there, standing together, silent and never missing a thing. Very nice, they looked, their mukluks embroidered with colored silk and some of them wearing parka hoods and fur trimming on their dresses. Johnny, he looked mostly at those girls. He was wondering.

"It was then he noticed the girl with the fair hair.

"You know, most of us along the river have a little of the native blood—Slavey or Loucheux or Husky—and it is not often you see one with native blood who is fair.

"She was tall . . . not so tall, really, but she was slim as a fireweed and graceful, and it made her seem tall. And her fair hair was parted in the middle and combed straight back right down to her waist. Her lips were sad and full, and her eyes, like those almonds you have at Christmastime, they were dark—violet, Johnny said later, like the ribbons at the back of her head. The rest of us noticed her too.

"For a gangplank the deck hands shoved out a long two-by-six, narrow and springy, but Johnny Muskeg, in moccasins and a red-plaid shirt and with a knife on the back of his belt, he came strutting up like a peacock bird. I was watching from the pilot-house. The girls on the bank, they were watching too, and wondering.

"You know, the girls in the trading posts, they are shy and they are not so shy. It is hard to say. They are not like the women in Vancouver or Edmonton. They do not wonder if you have a good job or a new car or if you work hard. Life is too short. There is only one night and they wonder what you can do with one night only.

It is difficult to say, sometimes."

"Don't the problem work both ways?" said Little Joe. But the old river pilot took a long drag on his pipe and laid down a smoke screen.

"That night our Johnny Muskeg put on his mail-order boots and he cut himself three times with his razor because he was singing while he shaved. The washroom is small and I was waiting.

"Maybe on the whole Mackenzie there was no one to come into port like our Johnny Muskeg. He could splice a line or dance a jig or carry more bales of fur than two other men put together. But best of all, he could love. It was always the same. In Fort Simpson waiting to try the Green Island Rapids, in Fort Norman waiting for a shipment of pitchblende from Great Bear, in Hay River or Fort Smith; all the girls knew when the Sickanni Queen was in. Eh, what a man!

"We left Aklavik by the early dawn," Gabe went on. "We went down to the Arctic coast and then we came upstream again, and one night we tied up in Fort Simpson. There are some pretty girls in Fort Simpson. I could tell you a lot. But when we tied up to the shore, Johnny Muskeg was not on deck with the headline. He was not in the washroom getting shaved. That was a funny thing.

AFTER that he was not so full of the devil. And he always worked twice as hard when we loaded freight for Aklavik. Oh, he went out a little. A man is a man, you know. But the other girls all complained. That is bad, eh? They said it was not the same Johnny Muskeg."

"He was gone on this Robina," Little Joe said when he finally managed to get a word in edgewise. "I was telling you about our last trip. You see, for two years he'd been playing up to her every chance he got. They sort of planned to get married. So when he saw her with this government clerk he told me he was going to march ashore and take a poke at somebody and then maybe he'd spank somebody else. But before he could roll up his sleeves the skipper hailed us on the loudspeaker and told us to come up to the pilot-house.

"The skipper is a hard man. He opened up as we stepped through the door. 'It's six o'clock on the dot, boys. I want you to get that freight off. We're leaving here at midnight sharp!'

"You see, Johnny Muskeg was the acting mate and he had to push the crew, and I was his sidekick.

"I've got to go ashore and straighten out some personal affairs," Johnny said. "It might take a little longer, if you don't mind."

"The skipper banged his fist down on the table and a pair of binoculars and a deck of cards jumped about a foot. 'The Sickanni Queen sails at midnight, come hell or high water!'

"Johnny felt like a good-natured bear in a tough corner. Without even raising his voice he said, 'I'll jump ship.'

"You jump," the skipper said, "and you won't fly out from Yellowknife at the end of this trip. You won't go out to Vancouver to write for your mate's ticket, and I'll see to it that you're a deck hand for the rest of your life."

"I've got business," Johnny said. "I can settle it by dawn."

"What kind of business?"

"My girl, sir."

"Monkey business!"

"No, sir. You're wrong."

"Nobody ever talked back to the old man like that, and his big face looked like a bucket of red-oxide paint. He's an ex-deep-sea man from the Maritimes

and he's tougher than a marlin spike. 'This boat sails at midnight, business or no business, crew or no crew. This ain't a honeymoon cruise. Now get that freight off!'

"We went out on deck and I noticed and so did Johnny that Robina and the clerk had disappeared."

"I heard the argument," Gabe said. "It was a shame. That midnight sun is a problem, you know. A man needs a little darkness with a woman and then he can find his courage. On our trip before that the sun didn't set all night. But now the summer was far enough gone to give us some darkness that was dark. I did not want to sail at midnight because the channels are shallow and my old eyes are not so quick to see a ripple or a snag. But the young fellows . . . Ah, there was darkness and lots of girls and the promise of a moon, and after tonight there would be the lonely weeks on the river again. The skipper has not too soft a heart."

"Johnny was unloading lumber and bags of cement when I found him. 'Come with me,' I said. 'I've got some things to pick up and I need your help. The skipper won't say anything if he sees you with me.'"

GABE was respected for his age and his wisdom, and his wisdom wasn't confined to the fifteen hundred miles of river that were memorized in his head. He and Johnny went ashore and they started looking for Robina.

They looked in at her home—her father was a white trapper who married a Loucheux girl. But Robina wasn't there. They searched the Anglican mission and the Catholic mission and a lot of places in between including a graveyard and a field of oats. The traders were closed up for the night, so they went into the shacks and tents along the shore. They smelled sealskin boots and polar bearskin trousers and caribou parkas and a few barrels of muktuk made from the corpses of white whales. But there wasn't a whiff of the perfume that Johnny won at a bingo game in Yellowknife. It was beginning to look hopeless. They even went aboard an Eskimo mud scow that was tied up near the Sickanni Queen. On the scow they found two families of Eskimos and thirteen sled dogs. They found a pile of white fox skins, two canoes and a new sewing machine . . . but no sign of Robina.

And then, when they finally gave up, they found her. Gabe really did have something to pick up, though it hardly required two men. He wanted to find a sleeping bag he'd lent to a greenhorn student going down to join a survey party. The student traveled down the river with them on the previous trip and couldn't get any equipment until he joined his party near Aklavik.

Gabe and Johnny walked into a small office to see if the sleeping bag had been sent into town, and the young lady who looked up from the desk was Robina Stewart.

The long fair hair that Johnny used to braid was cut short and worn curly in the latest fashion. "Good evening," Robina said. "Could I help you?" She was wearing a new blue sweater that wasn't a half size too big, and before she stood up she tugged at the bottom of the sweater. She seemed taller than usual, and Johnny's eyes followed the tight grey skirt down toward the floor. Instead of mooseskin mukluks embroidered in silk thread, she was wearing high heels. "Could I help you?" she said again, and she smiled a little.

Then Johnny smiled too. "Hey, that's a pretty classy rig. Think you could manage to go for a walk?"

"I can't right now, Johnny. Honestly. This report has to go out to Ottawa tonight or else."

"What time do you think you'll



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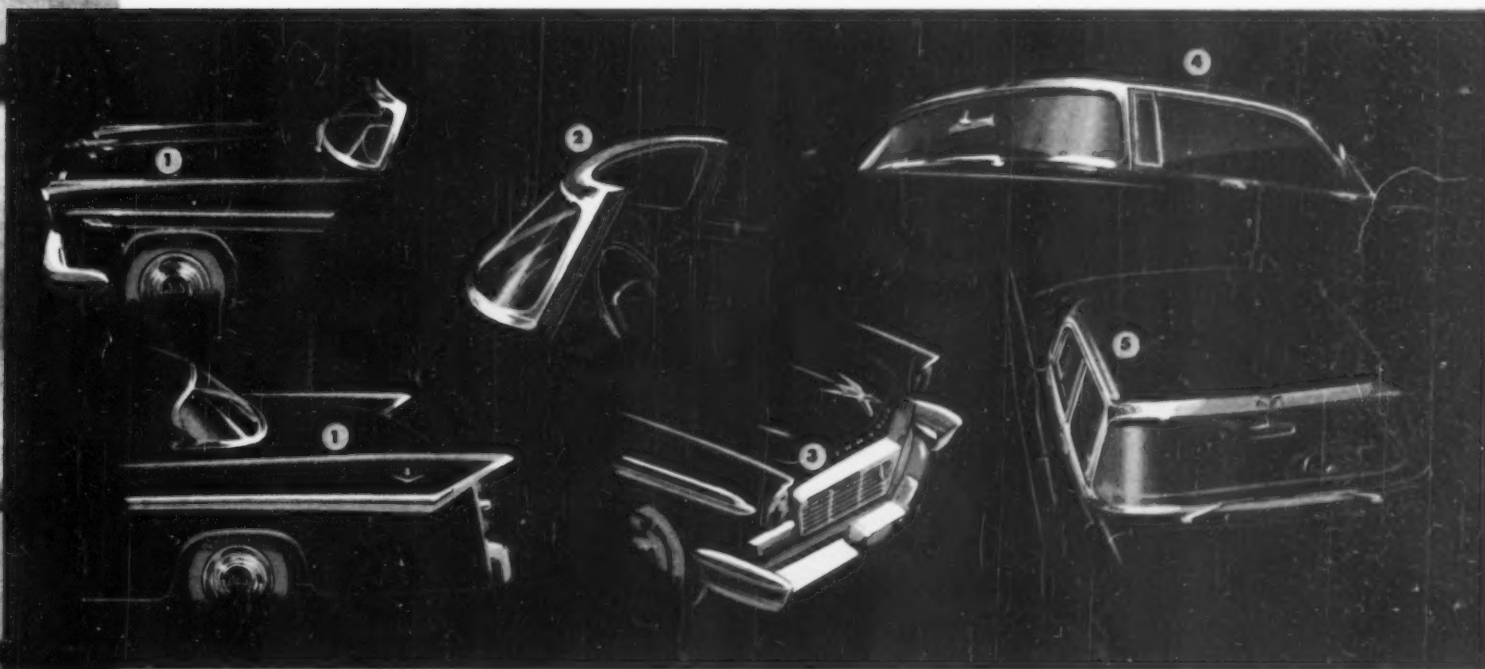
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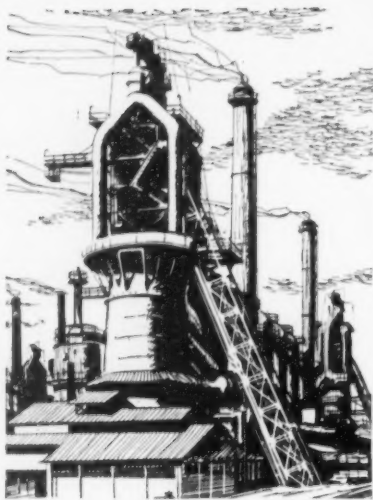
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have it finished?" he asked her. "Not before midnight, I'm afraid. Probably a little after."

"Midnight be damned! I mean—excuse me." Johnny rubbed his nose and squinted at her make-up as if he wasn't sure it was Robina—the girl he was going to spank. "Look here, I haven't got much time. Maybe you could make allowances. Ottawa wouldn't know..."

Robina had sat down again and now she began to type.

Johnny stared at her like an owl. "Hey, where did you learn to run that thing?"

"Alwin taught me."

"Alwin! Who the—who's Alwin?"

"He works in the next office. He's from a big city in Ontario. Kingston, or something. He's a clerk now and if he gets a promotion he might get a good job with the department in Ottawa."

"Where will I find this Alwin?"

"He's gone out to look for a bush pilot who came in this afternoon. One of our survey parties lost some equipment in a canoe accident."

"When'll he be back?"

"It depends on when he finds the bush pilot. He'll be back for our date tonight."

"What time is that?"

"Midnight or shortly after."

"Here?"

"No, in his apartment."

"Oh, one of those deals."

Robina's head snapped up from the typewriter. "Alwin is a gentleman and a very decent boy."

"Well, three cheers for Alwin. But he isn't half as decent as he's going to be when I get finished with him."

"Don't you dare touch him."

"Look, Robina."

"Call me Robbie, please."

"Well I'll be—look, Robin—Robbie. Speaking of apartments, I mean. I bought us a house."

"Oh." Robina's voice was the peep of a baby bird looking at its first worm.

"Yeah, you should see it," Johnny said. "A real dandy. At my home in Fort Simpson. Made of peeled logs. You could do a lot with it. There's some furniture in it already—a stove and a table and a bed. What else do we really need? There's enough soil around the cabin for a little garden and out back there's a place to keep dogs."

Robina was silent. She fidgeted with the waist of her skirt as if something underneath was too tight.

"You follow me?" Johnny said. "Our boat'll be there quite a few times in the summer. And all winter I'll be home. Sounds good, eh? And guess what! I'm flying out from Yellowknife when we get back this trip. I've never been outside before and the company's sending me to Vancouver to write for my mate's ticket. I'll be making good money in the summer from now on, and in the winter I can trap or something. How does that suit you?"

Robina started hammering on the same key like a woodpecker. "Alwin wants to marry me."

"Hey, what goes on while I'm away?" Johnny couldn't believe what she was saying. He walked around behind her chair and picked her up and sat her on the desk. "Don't spill the ink," she said. He tipped her face up and kissed her lightly and then he was going to do it again, only more so, when all of a sudden she pushed him back and slapped at his bare arm.

"That's just like you, Johnny Muskeg. That's all you want."

"What're you talking about? And just watch who you slap."

"You know what I'm talking about."

"Look, I like you. I mean—how else does a guy prove it?"

"That's what I'm saying, Johnny."

That's exactly the way it's been for two years. Always this love-making... and never any love."

"Well, how else—what does this Alwin guy do?"

"He respects me. He's got a decent job and he's working hard to save money and he thinks about the future."

"Wait a minute, now. Wait a minute. I never missed a meal yet. Oh, once in awhile, maybe."

"You don't understand. You don't see what a girl wants."

"I think I know what a girl wants. I got no written testimonials like in those magazines you read, but I could name a few satisfied customers."

Johnny tried again to kiss her and she caught at his shirt front and pushed him back.

"Where d'you get these fancy ideas?" Johnny said. "From this Alwin guy, eh?"

"He loves me."

"Well, isn't that too sweet of him. I'll bet he loves popcorn too. I'll gobble in the pieces and I want to hear you say that you love him."

"Go away, Johnny. You're just

Freezer teaser

Though "good eating" fills the freezer

It's a scientific law

That my choice is always something

That there isn't time to thaw.

HAL CHADWICK

messing everything up. I've got to finish this report."

"How about when you finish?"

"I've got a date... Oh, maybe. Go away now. Please, Johnny."

"Yeah, yeah, I'll go away. But I'll be back. Just don't forget."

Johnny's high boots, with the trouser cuffs tucked into the tops, stamped across the floor.

MISS STEWART began doing something to her typewriter because all the keys seemed to come up at the same time when the door slammed, and while she was busy Gabe picked up his sleeping bag and followed after Johnny. Gabe had to catch him before he got into trouble. Aklavik was full of Mounties that day. Three of them.

"But I caught him," Little Joe said. "He was coming onto the barge like a rutting bull moose and I dropped a sack of cement in front of him and asked him where the fire was."

Little Joe explained how he calmed Johnny down.

"I'm jumping ship," Johnny said. Little Joe reasoned with him. "If you jump ship you'll never be a mate nor a skipper on this river. And that's all you've ever wanted to be since the first time you saw a riverboat; since the first time you wondered what's around the next bend in this old Mackenzie. So why jump ship? You got some screws loose?"

"If I don't jump ship Robina will be married the next time I come back."

"So what?"

"What d'you mean, so what?"

"I mean women are a dime a dozen."

"Not Robinas, they ain't."

"Tell her to wait until winter. Then you come back at freeze-up and you move in again. Where's the old touch?"

"It won't work, Joe. She'll marry this guy, and she'll marry him for keeps. Robina's like that. But if I stayed now I could get her back. I think this Alwin guy is missing a lot of the best things in life."

"Get to work and while you're working think about it," Little Joe said. "The old man is going to come

storming down on us any minute. You're the acting mate, remember?"

Johnny picked up three sacks of cement and carried them down the gangplank. He set them down so hard that one sack burst and the cement puffed out and covered his best pair of trousers with grey dust.

"He worked for three hours," Gabe said. "He worked like a wheel dog until eleven o'clock, and then he stopped just the way he started."

"It was a little past twilight and the Richardson Mountains had disappeared into a kind of a grey gloom, but it wasn't dark enough so we couldn't travel. That was too bad. The silver Imperial Oil tanks on the shore beside our boat were ghosts, and the men unloading the barge were all shadows, except for the noise they made. I was sitting on a keg of nails smoking my pipe, and Johnny came over to where I was sitting."

"We'll be finished by midnight," he said.

"The skipper'll be here at midnight and ready to go," I told him. "He's gone ashore for a spell."

"I'm going ashore too," Johnny said. "I've got to find this Alwin and tell him to keep off my trap line."

"I looked for him, Johnny, just to get a closer look than I got when we were landing. But I couldn't find him anywhere."

"I'll bet he's in his apartment by now. He's meeting Robina there in less than an hour."

"It's up to you," I said. "Just be here by midnight."

"Maybe," Johnny said. "But if I don't make it, throw my gear ashore, will you?"

"He had made up his mind so it was no use arguing. I nodded my head."

"He turned around and walked down the gangplank."

"I called to Little Joe and when he came over I said, 'Go with him, Little Joe. Don't let him try to settle anything with those big fool muscles of his. It won't work in this place.'"

LITTLE JOE followed after and caught up to him at the Corps of Signals office. They went in and asked where Alwin lived, since there was sure to be only one Alwin in the settlement, and the corporal on duty told them where to go.

The apartment was in a new government building. Johnny and Little Joe went in and found the right door and knocked. They waited, and after a moment Johnny tried the doorknob. No one answered and he got suspicious, knowing what he'd be doing in a setup like that, and he knocked again. He knocked four times. Suddenly he dropped his shoulder against the door and the door sprang open.

Johnny switched on the light and stepped in.

The apartment was empty.

Little Joe closed the door and stood inside in case anyone should try to investigate the noise. He took his cap off and watched.

"So this is Alwin's shack," Johnny said. "Sure is quite a place."

He flung open a closed door and stuck his head into what turned out to be a closet. A pair of skis standing in one corner still wore a C.O.D. tag. A tweed topcoat and a suede leather jacket were hung on wire hangers. "You got no working clothes, eh, Alwin? When do you find time for all this sporting around?"

Johnny kicked at a full laundry bag and bent to examine a new pair of tennis shoes that lay on the floor. "Be no good on an oily deck."

He straightened up and half closed the door and stopped. "What you got here?" Three parallel springs hung



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SUNSHINE PLAYGROUND OF THE BORDER

from a nail and Johnny found the springs had a handle at each end. He took the two handles and stretched the springs a few times, like elastic, and then he hung them back on the nail.

On a small desk there was a writing pad, a month-old Toronto newspaper, and a pile of blank forms that apparently had something to do with Alwin's work. On the wall above the desk was a series of pennants — the kind, for sale in train stations. Johnny read them aloud: "Toronto, Sudbury, Port Arthur, Kenora, Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Edmonton." He touched one of them as if it was a dead moth. "You must have seen a lot of places, Alwin. And now you think you're taking Robina out there. I got a surprise for you."

He opened and closed his fist. "If he comes to the door, Little Joe, make sure he doesn't get away. We'll see what those muscle builders did for him."

Johnny sat down on an easy chair and when he sank deep into the cushion he laughed. "I could sit here all night and wait for you, Alwin. And if Robina gets here first she can join me."

He picked up a book that listed a hundred careers for young men. After a few pages he got restless and jumped up.

In the bedroom he turned on a dim light above the bed and looked at the pictures on the walls: purple birds he had never seen before. "What a deal," he said. He tried to operate the venetian blinds. "It's a little better than my shack all right. But so what? Make a man soft."

He disappeared into the bathroom and a moment later his voice echoed out to Little Joe. "Did you ever see a pink bathroom? And these towels would make good blankets. . . . Hey, look in here. He's got more hair tonics and shave lotions than that drugstore in Yellowknife. There's even some stuff here to stop — let's see — body perspiration. Boy, he must be the latest thing out."

Johnny came out of the bathroom rubbing a skin lotion into his hands. "I'm softening my knuckles for Alwin. I wouldn't want to ruin his complexion."

He brushed the cement dust off the easy chair and sat down again. "There are two towels in there. One marked HIS and one marked HERS. Only the HERS one has never been used. The guy is like that new engineer we got: he's all theory."

Johnny was quiet for a long while. Then he said, "Come to think of it, a pink bathroom wouldn't be so silly with a woman in it. Kind of nice, in fact. Too bad there's no bathroom in that shack I bought. I'd get a can of pink paint."

"Maybe we should get out," Little Joe said. "This snooping is against the law, you know. And if I ever got a written invitation I must have lost it."

Johnny ignored him. "Robina wouldn't look too bad prancing around in her high heels on a thick heavy rug like that one. Maybe I could order one for our place. You could almost use a rug like that for a sleeping bag." "Let's go," Little Joe said. "It's nearly a quarter to."

Johnny got up and walked into the kitchen. Above the clatter of pans he called to Little Joe, "You should see this layout. An electric stove instead of one like I bought. You wouldn't have to haul wood or split it or anything with this outfit. Just learn to run these knobs. The women in these places must stay good-looking forever."

He opened and slammed a heavy door. "You should see this refrigerator, Joe. As big as the one we got on the boat, and it's all for one man. Or for

JASPER

By Simpkins



MACLEAN'S

"Well, son, who did you bring home to share your honeycakes?"

his family, if he manages to get one. Imagine, eh? When you catch some fish you could keep them in here as long as you like and maybe you wouldn't have to smoke them or dry them or anything. What would you do with all your spare time?"

Again he opened a door. "This guy's got a whole trading post, Joe." He paused as if he was waiting for someone to say grace. "There's enough groceries here to last a whole winter. I'll bet this Alwin never missed a meal in his life. What a job he must have. I don't even see a rifle around the place. A girl would have a barrel of fun cooking in here, eh? He's even got canned potatoes. Maybe we should cook ourselves a feed?"

"The skipper won't wait for us," Little Joe said.

"Alwin," Johnny said, talking to the pantry as if he was talking to a man. "I don't know what you've got in your hand, but you've sure got some nice cards on the table. You run a nice bluff."

"Hey, Johnny," Little Joe called. "I'm a river rat and I aim to go on being one. This place is too high-class for me."

Johnny turned the kitchen light off and on a few times. "I've got to scrape up a few bucks for a keg of coal oil and some groceries." He laughed. "If Robina won a pot like this she'd never have to worry about —"

Johnny stopped.

"Are you coming, Johnny?"

Johnny didn't answer.

"Are you coming with me?"

Little Joe only heard the whirr of the refrigerator.

"I'm going," Little Joe said. "You got less than fifteen minutes. Hurry up, Johnny."

Gabe was putting Johnny Muskeg's gear on deck beside the gangplank when Little Joe came out of the dark.

"Where's Johnny?" Gabe said.

"He's waiting to clean up on Alwin and talk to Robina, and mostly he's snooping where he shouldn't and talking to himself."

"If he isn't here when the skipper yells to take in the headline and the

gangplank, throw this bedroll and those two kit bags ashore. I'm going to my cabin to get my eyeglasses, and then I'm going up to the pilothouse."

LITTLE JOE was staring into his empty glass and fingering the fuzz on his chin. When someone pushed a bottle of Calgary in front of him he shook his head. "It don't do nothing for me today."

Gabe tapped his pipe empty in a sardine can. "When I got up to the pilothouse the skipper was waiting for the all clear signal. I remember. He was growling about the lazy deck hands. He had the telegraph set at SLOW AHEAD to keep the barge close in until the man who let go the headline could get aboard."

"All of a sudden the headline went slack and Little Joe began to pull it in by hand."

"The shadow that came out of the darkness and up the gangplank was Johnny Muskeg. Like a bulldozer he came. When he saw his gear by the gangplank he swore and told a deck hand to take it down to the forecabin. He signalled all clear to the pilothouse."

"Two deck hands pulled in the gangplank and stopped to wave at a couple of native girls who were waving back as we drifted away from the shore. Johnny swore again. He told the deck hands to get the barges looking shipshape and if that was finished to scrub down the galley. They looked surprised and left the girls waving at nothing."

"I noticed about that time that the moon was coming up."

"Then Johnny turned on Little Joe. 'Haven't you learned yet how to coil a line? Look alive, man! It'll take a week to get that mess untangled, and you should be ready on the bow with a sounding pole. This ain't a honey-moon cruise!'"

"It was a funny thing, eh? We were away a few minutes ahead of schedule, and that never happened before. That John McKeg—that's his real name—he'll be a great skipper someday. He'll be the greatest skipper on the river." ★

The man with the acres of lambs

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

Douglas, tall dark taciturn men in their thirties, are now in partnership with him, but say, "Dad is still the boss."

In British Columbia Hayward has had no run-in with cattlemen, but he maintains cautious relations with farmers and fruit growers. In the long annual trek of his sheep, Hayward's herdsmen must keep as much as possible to the hilltops and high slopes, which are crown land, and avoid privately owned lower regions with orchards, crops and meadows which are singularly vulnerable to sheep in quantity.

At some points there is no choice but to cross private land, and Hayward must pay for the privilege—up to six hundred dollars. One year a Hayward shepherd found he could detour this expensive crossing by a route through an Indian reservation at a payoff of two hundred dollars. Next year, though, the Indians raised the ante to one thousand dollars. "Back to the six-hundred-dollar crossing," Hayward decided.

The most momentous decision Hayward has had to make resulted from the sudden decline of the Canadian wool market after the 1951 season. Until then Hayward had raised sheep primarily for wool; the meat of his purebred Rambouillet sheep was in no great demand, but their fine wool provided seventy-five percent of his income. Then, from one marketing to the next, the price of wool fell from seventy-four cents a pound to thirty-six cents.

Now Hayward decided to change to meat sheep—and encountered new problems. He knew that among the finest meat sheep was the English Romney Marsh. But, reared for centuries in small fenced fields, the Romney had lost most of its flocking instinct, a characteristic that makes it possible for large flocks to remain intact during the long, rugged, grazing journeys. Hayward doubted, too, whether the Romneys were strong enough to survive the trips. So he compromised by crossbreeding Romneys and Rambouillets. The resulting lambs proved robust enough for the hard mountain life—and their meat was sweet enough to please the packers. Hayward's annual gross sale of ninety thousand dollars worth of meat now represents eighty percent of his ranch income.

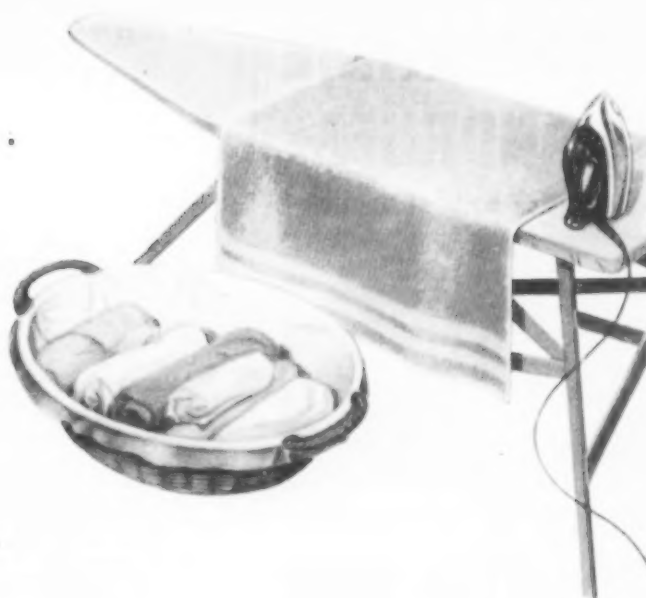
Hayward points out, however, that there will be no great room for expansion in sheep ranching in Canada unless Canadians acquire a greater taste for lamb. Last year they ate only two and a half pounds per person, compared with twenty-four pounds per capita in Britain and seventy-five pounds in Australia.

Another pressing problem on Hayward's horizon is ranch help. The shepherd's life is so lonely and arduous that it is increasingly difficult to find younger Canadians who will take the job. Already some breeders have had to import Basque herders. Hayward doesn't know how he will replace the three elderly herders who now work for him. They are Bob Gibson, a lean grizzled Englishman in his sixties, Bill Morrison, a husky Scot of about the same age, and August Bobs, a plump and gentle Indian in his fifties.

Gibson usually accompanies the first Hayward flock on its annual trek. He carries a thick walking staff on which he has carved the names of the places on the route—names that are also

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The grizzly loped through the flock, its huge paws lashing out to right and left. Suddenly it wheeled on the shepherd

reminders of the days nearly a century ago when what is now sheep country was on the fringe of the great Cariboo gold rush: Cache Creek, an old miners' staging post; Deadman River, Lone Cabin Creek, Poison Creek and Chinaman's Head.

Bob Gibson literally follows the sheep. "If you drive them," he says, "they don't gain weight." When the sheep pause Gibson sits down and waits for them to move again. Most of the ewes have made the trip at least once before and know the way. "Try to make them go another way," Gibson says, "and you'd have a heck of a time." The herder is sure sheep can talk to one another. "When one stumbles on a good patch of grass, it eats in silence until it has a good bellyful. Then it bleats out the news. It's the same with water holes and salt licks. They have a different bleat for different kinds of information."

Each flock produces groups of half a dozen sheep each with special instincts. One group heads the flock, others are wingers which take to the flanks, and another group of trailers brings up the rear. The leaders dominate the flock's movements to such an extent that if they were panicked and jumped over a precipice, the flock would follow. Sheep that become lame occasionally fall behind the trailers. They are slaughtered at once by the herder. If they were left behind they would fret themselves to death—if lurking predators did not get them sooner.

As an added flock-control measure, about one in every hundred sheep is purposely bred black and called a marker. If Gibson can count all his twenty-five markers, he's pretty sure the flock is intact. If one marker is missing, it's likely that a group of sheep has strayed. Again, one in every fifty sheep is belled. An agitated clanging from any direction indicates trouble and Gibson and his dogs go off to investigate.

Gibson gives orders to his three dogs—Peggy, Rover and young Sooner—in the brusque tones of a sergeant major drilling troops. Although it is a difficult thing for a lonely man to bring himself to do, Gibson discourages his collies from becoming too attached to him and thus unresponsive to other men's orders. A dog that will serve only one master is useless when the latter is ill or on vacation. The Hayward dogs are all offspring of a pair of veteran flock dogs which impart so strong a herding instinct that their pups need little training. One pup, even before it was weaned, practiced by herding chickens.

Gibson's meals on the outward journey are cooked by his packer, Clem Cummings, a pink-cheeked youth from Hamilton, Ont. An hour before dawn Cummings has bacon, eggs and coffee on the camp stove. With the first light the leader sheep stir, soon the main flock begins to straggle behind them—and Gibson must start walking again.

Cummings then packs all the camp gear and equipment (spades, axes, saws, ropes, clothing, blankets, ground-sheets, food and cooking utensils) into big horse panniers. Each pack animal carries two hundred pounds. Cummings, on horseback, leads a string of four pack horses. The fifth animal, a mule, refuses to work on a lead rope and simply tags along in sulky independence.

Cummings overtakes the unhurried sheep, passes through them, and a mile or so beyond halts to make the noon

meal of macaroni and cheese, sausage, Irish stew or steak-and-kidney pudding. Occasionally, when a lame sheep has been slaughtered, he cooks fresh meat. In midafternoon Cummings again catches and passes the band to make camp for the night. The men sleep in pup tents.

After several days' journey the route briefly returns to civilization. For twenty miles the sheep move along Provincial Highway 2 between Cache Creek and Clinton, blocking cars into long lineups. But travelers seldom complain, because the spectacle of thousands of massed sheep is worth seeing. Only once has there been a serious mishap. A few years ago a motorist rounded a bend at high speed, hit the flock and killed sixteen sheep.

At Big Bar, on the Upper Fraser River, the flock leaves civilization. For two weeks it follows a hundred-mile

vigilance prevented any loss, though.

The cougar is craftiest of all. It can approach a flock without arousing the dogs or the belled sheep. Gibson has seen a cougar kill a ewe with one swift snap of the neck and carry it off without disturbing sheep browsing ten feet away. But the grizzly bear is more feared—by man and sheep. Some United States herders are so wary of grizzlies that they sleep in makeshift towers dotted around the range. A few years ago Gibson saw one grizzly, "as tall as a horse's shoulders," come bounding toward the flock in daylight. As it tore through the huddled animals it struck down half a dozen sheep on either side with sickening slaps of its huge forepaws. Then it seized one dead sheep and shambled off. Gibson shot the bear, but it seemed merely stung. It dropped the sheep and turned with a snarl on Gibson. He shot again and the animal fled.

In a year when wild animals are particularly persistent, probably because their natural prey has been scarce, Hayward's three flocks may lose as many as a hundred sheep; in average years, twenty are killed or simply disappear. Gibson is convinced that some of the latter are not the victims of wild animals, but of abduction by wild bighorns. Rams of this native breed have been known to cut out three or four domestic ewes and chase them up into the hills. Gibson has never actually witnessed an abduction, because the bighorns will flee at the sight of a man, but he has often discovered the wild sheep nuzzling into his herd and has driven them off.

In spite of all the hazards that beset them, however, the Hayward lambs thrive mightily. By the end of August about one third of the lambs are hundred pounders and ready for the market. One of the shepherds goes from flock to flock, selecting five hundred of the best lambs from each. Then he drives this select flock of fifteen hundred lambs the hundred miles to Big Bar, where Hayward and packing company buyers are waiting. Last year Hayward sold these lambs on the hoof at twenty cents a pound. Each yields about fifty pounds of prime meat which will sell for thirty cents a pound for the stewing cuts, sixty-five to seventy-five cents for legs, and a dollar or more for the highly regarded cutlets.

Two weeks later the remainder of Hayward's sheep, now consolidated into two flocks, begin the month-long return journey to the ranch. By December the lambs have all gone to market and the bereaved ewes are mated again. Now they settle down for the winter in the shelter of the North Thompson valley. Bob Gibson and August Bobs, now living in cozy covered wagons equipped with bunks and stoves, watch over the sheep still. But winter herding is more leisurely, and the two men rest up against the coming of spring when the great lambing takes place in William Hayward's big pasture and preparations start for the adventurous journey toward the western mountains. ★



ascent until it reaches the high sierras around lonely Lake Chilko. A month of purposeful advance now gives way to erratic wandering as the sheep seek out pasture—followed by the patient Gibson.

The companionship with Cummings is now ended. Cummings spends all his time shuttling his pack horses back and forth from Big Bar, one hundred miles away, bringing in supplies to Gibson. The bulk of his load consists of fifty-pound bags of salt for the sheep to lick. (Sheep are notoriously salt-hungry; a flock of twenty-five hundred ewes and lambs would down one hundred pounds of salt a day if it were available.) Cummings also brings in laundry and bundled copies of the Vancouver Province for Gibson and cases of canned dog food.

Now Gibson is busy both day and night—night is when the predators are on the prowl. When the sheep scent a bear, cougar, coyote or wolf, a visible tremor passes through the flock and the sheep close ranks tightly. The dogs bristle and whine. An agitated ringing from a belled sheep pinpoints the killer and brings Gibson and the dogs on the run.

Coyotes usually wait for a lame sheep to fall behind, but sometimes one will dart into the middle of a group and drag away a small lamb. Wolves are more cunning. Often they work in pairs. One creates a diversion on one side of the flock while its mate sneaks off with a sheep from the other side. Wolves can be persistent, too. Last year Gibson had three sleepless nights in a row because two wolves lurked constantly around the flock. His

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The rise and fall of Tom Longboat

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

up to the starting line wearing a thirty-five-cent cotton bathing suit and a pair of seventy-five-cent rubber sneakers. There was plenty of betting on races in those days, and the odds against the gangling Indian boy were forty to one. It was during this race that Longboat's peculiar style of running was first noted. He had a long slow stride that was deceiving in its speed and seemed to carry him over the ground with the least possible exertion. He held his arms at an awkward angle, and his feet sometimes seemed to kick out sideways.

The Herald reported the next day: "Marsh was the pacemaker in the early part of the race, but right behind him was Longboat, who occasionally shot to the front just to test his speed. They alternated as pacemakers until the Stone Road junction was reached, when Longboat decided that the time had come for him to cut loose. He left Marsh as if he had been standing."

Longboat beat Marsh by a full three minutes, and his time of one hour, 49 minutes and 25 seconds was only 42 seconds behind the record—in spite of the fact that toward the end of the race he had taken a wrong turning and run seventy-five yards before someone turned him back.

Members of the West End YMCA of Toronto convinced Longboat he should join their ranks and represent them in the Boston Marathon, an annual event since 1897 and the only one of the old running classics still held today. But first there was the Ward Marathon Race, for which To-

ronto Controller J. J. Ward was putting up a handsome cup. The fifteen-mile course started in Toronto at the Canadian National Exhibition track, then along the dirt Hamilton highway, to Long Branch and back. Longboat won in a field of sixty-two, and Canadians began to speak of him as a world-beater.

The Boston event was twenty-five miles in open country, much of it uphill. There were one hundred and twenty-six entries, but Longboat was confident. As he climbed aboard the train he told a reporter—with a grin that became his trademark—"No more Tom Longboat. I'm Cyclone Jack now." Before he was through, the public and the newspapers had many pet names for him, probably the favorite of which was "the Bronze Mercury."

April 19, 1907, was a miserable day in Boston. Runners had to buck snow, rain and slush. But Longboat won with ease. He finished in two hours, 24 minutes and 24 seconds, a record that stood for four years and was broken only after the course was made easier.

Four days after the race the chairman of Toronto's Civic Reception Committee met Longboat in Niagara Falls. When their train pulled into Toronto's Union Station after dark, thousands of jubilant citizens were waiting for it. A ragged parade formed up behind a car that bore Longboat through cheer-filled streets to the City Hall, with torchbearers marching in front and behind.

Mayor Emerson Coatsworth congratulated the youth on becoming "champion long-distance runner of America" and presented a gold medal to him. In the tradition of his race, Longboat was never loquacious. He replied in a voice few could hear. A sports writer said later that under such

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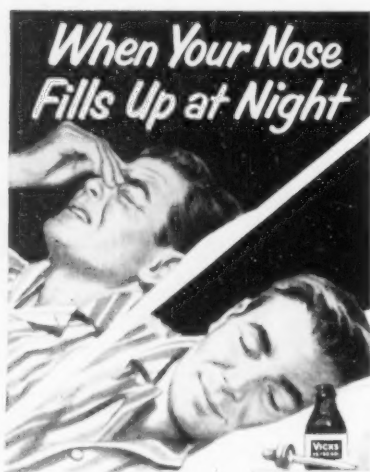
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"You can never convince me that he wasn't 'jobbed'," wrote an
American fan. Was Tom Longboat doped in the marathon?

circumstances Longboat "would smile
as wide as a hippo and gurgle his
thanks."

But Longboat's greatest day was yet
to come—also his worst. It was an
era in which the individual champion
rather than the team was idolized and,
in the fashion of Sullivan and Corbett,
the fighters, and Ned Hanlan, the oars-
man, Longboat became Public Hero
No. 1 to most Canadians and many
Americans in a period that came to be
known for "the marathon craze."

He was likable but headstrong. He
soon balked at the training rules of the
West End Y, claiming, with some truth,
that he hadn't done much training
before and saw no need for it now. He
broke the Y's rules against smoking and
drinking and was suspended.

But he was not long without a spon-
sor. Two robust Toronto Irishmen,
Tom Flanagan and Tim O'Rourke,
joint owners of the Grand Central
Hotel, had just organized the Irish-
Canadian Athletic Club, whose avowed
purpose was to promote amateur sport.
In reality, however, it was a semi-
professional club with headquarters in
the hotel, whose athletes were the
objects of heavy betting. Longboat
joined the club—sometimes he was
called "the Irish Indian"—and his
training was taken over by Flanagan,
a curly-haired, nattily dressed blade of
twenty-eight, one of the smartest pro-
moters of his day.

In spite of Longboat's reluctance
to train, the prospect of representing
Canada in the 1908 Olympic Games
in London appealed to him. Also,
Flanagan had a flair for press-agency
that kept Longboat and the Irish-
Canadians in the news and found a
response in the young man's ego.

In 1907 Longboat won the Ward
Marathon a second time. And there
were many other victories: a five-mile
race at Caledonia, fifteen miles at
Montreal, twelve miles at Sault Ste.
Marie. He won so many races all over
the country he was giving away medals
and trophies to casual acquaintances.
Then some question was raised as to
his amateur standing. An indignant
Toronto fan, J. H. King, wrote to The
Sporting Life, of London, Eng., a news-
paper called the sporting bible of the
day: "It is the method of this club
(the Irish-Canadians) that has caused
so much talk... What right has any
athletic club to have men, practically
without means, living in hotels month
after month?" He suggested that
Longboat fell into the category of "the
stall-fed amateur."

Longboat was indeed "stall-fed."
All his needs were provided by his
club, and when its members realized
that the Olympic committee would
question the Indian's amateur status
if he had no visible means of support,
the club set him up as "owner" of a
small cigar store on Toronto's King
Street.

The store was intentionally stocked
with a supply of fifty-cent cigars so
that friends and backers could sub-
sidize Longboat by buying them. The
stock was not renewed, however, when
it was discovered that Longboat was
smoking most of them himself.

In November 1907 the Amateur
Athletic Union of the U. S. declared
Longboat a professional. The AAU
president, J. E. Sullivan, said in New
York: "Longboat will never run as
an amateur in the United States...
(He) has been a professional from the
time he began his athletic career. He
has always been in the hands of a

manager... he is taken from town
to town by (Flanagan) with bands and
carriages and silk hats... He ran all
kinds of races at country fairs for
money."

The Canadian AAU did not dare
professionalize Longboat before the
1908 Olympics—all Canada was con-
fident their Indian brave was the best
long-distance runner in the world and
Canadian sportsmen would not stand
for anyone in their own country inter-
fering with his chance to prove it.

Six weeks before the Olympics, held
in July 1908, Flanagan took Longboat
with him to Flanagan's birthplace in
Ireland's County Limerick, combining
a holiday with a training program
for Longboat on the country roads
around the town of Kilmallock. The
runner boasted later that although he
did a lot of work under Flanagan's
watchful eye, he was able to bribe the
dairy maids into spiking his milk with
Irish whisky.

The American team used Longboat's
expense-free trip as basis for a protest
to the Olympic committee that he was
ineligible because he was not an ama-
teur. Newspaper columns by the score
were written on this issue. The Toronto
Evening Telegram commented: "Can-
ada has been quite sufficiently sacri-
ficed to the Old Country craze for
pleasing the Yankees at all costs. If
this craze is to be carried out of diplo-
macy into sport, and Longboat is to
be disqualified... then every Cana-
dian athlete owes it to his country
to leave the Olympian games."

The committee decided the evidence
was inconclusive and Longboat was not
disqualified.

A race to the Queen

The Olympic Marathon was the
longest race Longboat had yet run
—26 miles, 385 yards, the distance run
in 490 BC from Marathon to Athens
by a Greek soldier with news of victory.
And the day of the race was the hottest
Londoners had had for many years.
The sun was scorching as fifty-five
marathoners from a dozen countries
lined up four deep on the east lawn
of Windsor Castle. The course lay
over winding hilly roads which water-
ing carts and roller brushes had been
working on all morning to keep down
the dust. Every cottage on the course
was festooned with flags and bunting,
and thousands of spectators waited in
the sun. Another seventy thousand,
including Queen Alexandra, waited in
the stadium at Shepherd's Bush where
the race would finish three hours after
it started.

At 2.33 p.m. the pistol cracked.
Longboat, in a white jersey adorned
with a maple leaf and the number 72,
leaped to the front like a deer and set
a killing pace. He appeared to be in
perfect condition and led for a few
miles, but the hills and the heat and
the pace began to tell on him. At the
nine-mile mark Lord of England was
leading and Tom had fallen back to
fourth place. At twelve miles Price
of England had taken the lead, fol-
lowed by Lord, Hefferon of South
Africa, Dorando of Italy and Long-
boat—now in fifth place.

Dorando (his full name was Dorando
Pietri) arrived at the stadium first,
about two minutes ahead of the Ameri-
can, John J. Hayes. But fifty yards
from the finish Dorando collapsed.
Track officials helped him to his feet
and across the line, thereby unwit-
tingly disqualifying him. The judges

then awarded the race to Hayes.

But where was Longboat?

At about the nineteen-mile mark he
had slowed to a walk, then stopped
altogether. He proceeded to the sta-
dium in a car and was carried in on
a stretcher for medical attention. Later
Flanagan said, "It was the heat that
beat him. We lost honestly." But
Canadians and others could not believe
he had failed them and rumors were
widespread that Longboat had been
doped. Only recently a fan (E. V. E.
Harris, of Sacramento, Calif.) wrote in
a sports magazine: "I had followed
(Longboat) on a bicycle twice while
training over the full route and never
saw him distressed. You can never
convince me that he wasn't 'jobbed'
or that possibly \$100,000 was not won
on his failure."

Back in New York a pair of pro-
motors, Pat Powers and Harry Pollock,
proceeded to capitalize on the intense
public interest in marathons, sparked
by the Olympics. Powers was proba-
bly the biggest promoter of his time.
He used to book Madison Square
Garden one hundred nights a year,
then find attractions to fill it. Pollock
was a sports writer whom Powers found
useful as a press agent. The pair
induced Dorando and Hayes to turn
professional and run against each other
in the Garden over the full marathon
distance. The race took place Nov. 25,
1908, and Dorando won by about sixty
yards. Then Powers set out to get
Longboat too to turn pro and race
Dorando, but another professional had
been vainly trying to take on Long-
boat since well before the Olympics.

He was Alfred Shrubbs, reputed to
be a perfect running machine, a cocky
little Englishman who held all world-
distance records from one and a half
to eleven miles. He had turned pro
in England, and came to America in
1907 in the hope of running a series of
races against Longboat. Flanagan, his
eye on the Olympics, had refused. And
after the Olympics, in spite of a cam-
paign of taunting and ridicule by
Shrubbs, Flanagan felt that Longboat
had to redeem himself if he was to be
successful as a professional.

The Indian proceeded to do just
that, winning race after race. He led
a field of 153 runners to win the Ward
Marathon for the third year in a row.
William Stark, president of the Cana-
dian AAU, said, "I think he has since
his return (from the Olympics) proven
himself the greatest long-distance run-
ner of the century."

Sports writers and the sporting
public began to demand a showdown
between Longboat and Shrubbs but
Powers offered Flanagan a portion of
the gate receipts if Longboat would
take on Dorando. Flanagan agreed to
a race in the Garden on Dec. 15,
1908. It was a sellout.

When the pair stood at the starting
line, the lanky Indian towered over
the stocky Italian. At the pistol a
mighty roar went up. Dorando took
the lead with short, jaunty steps while
Longboat loped along a few yards
behind. The Italian led most of the
way, but occasionally Longboat would
put on a spurt and take the lead amid
deafening applause and cheers. In a
couple of laps Dorando would again
forge ahead. The heat became oppres-
sive and every half mile or so the runners
would take a water-soaked sponge from
an assistant and wipe the sweat off
their faces without slackening the pace.

At twenty-five miles they were still
close together, but Longboat seemed



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to be weakening. Flanagan then demonstrated his flair for practical psychology: he took Longboat's fiancée, a pretty little Mohawk, to the edge of the track. As Longboat came around again he saw the girl, her hands up and both pride and encouragement in her expression. His sinews seemed to take on new strength and he increased the pace. As the runners vanished around the track there came a roar from the crowd. Dorando, with a bare half mile to go, had suddenly staggered and dropped. Longboat jogged on alone and completed the distance.

It was front-page news on both sides of the Atlantic. In the Toronto Globe, the headline, "Tom Longboat Retrieves His Olympic Defeat," took precedence over news of the ill-health of pleasure-loving King Edward VII, who died seventeen months later.

Longboat was now a professional and, at twenty-one, recognized as the best long-distance runner in the world. Little Alfie Shrubbs again tried to arrange a series of races and challenged Longboat to three races at ten, fifteen and twenty miles. Flanagan refused, explaining that Longboat wanted to be married.

His marriage to Lauretta Maracle, his Mohawk fiancée, took place with Indian ceremony at the Six Nations reserve on Dec. 28, 1908, and a wedding reception for them was held that evening on the stage of Massey Hall in Toronto at the close of a benefit performance for the couple. Hundreds of people filed up a runway to the stage to shake hands with the newlyweds. Five days later Longboat beat Dorando once more in a marathon race at Buffalo.

Longboat's success started a fad for racing among Indians. Several around that time appeared shyly at county fairs and, after a few wins, went on to bigger meets. Fred Simpson, an Ojibway from Hiawatha, Ont., came sixth in the 1908 Olympic marathon, and in the same race Louis Tewanina, from Arizona, came ninth. Tewanina also ran second in the Olympic ten thousand meters in both 1908 and 1912. Others included Henry Jackson, or Red Hawk, of Penetang, Ont., Black Hawk, of Philadelphia, Andrew Sockalexis, of Oldtown, Me.—third in the 1912 Olympic marathon—A. Jamieson, of Woodstock, Ont., Jimmy George, of Beaverton, Ont., Albert Smoke, Silas Isaac, or Little Thunder, from the Six Nations, and Hilton Green, a Mohawk.

Indians were to running what Negroes today are to boxing. But their reputation as natural runners goes back a long way. In the days before the telegraph it is said they were employed by businessmen to rush news of commercial interest from newly arrived ships, sometimes over distances of a hundred miles or more.

Longboat and Shrubbs were finally signed to run a marathon in Madison Square Garden on Feb. 5, 1909. At last the two greatest runners of the world were to match skills in what was considered the world's greatest race. Twelve thousand people crowded into the Garden. Among them in a box seat were Mrs. Longboat and two Indian chiefs, in full feathered regalia, and a Mountie in uniform—the Flanagan touch. It was the era of the cigar, and so many spectators were smoking it was hard to see across the stadium.

At the pistol, Shrubbs shot away amid frantic cheering and gained a complete lap (a ninth of a mile) in the first mile and a half. With a pace of five feet, two inches, Shrubbs's legs pumped like pistons. Longboat, loping along with a stride of six feet, six inches, made no effort to keep up. At the end of ten miles Shrubbs was five laps ahead,

at fifteen miles he was nearly seven laps in the lead. Every time he gained a lap the shouting was deafening. The heat became so intense hundreds removed their coats and several women had to be helped out of the building.

Longboat's only chance lay in Shrubbs collapsing, and there was no indication of this. During the twenty-first mile Shrubbs stopped and changed his shoes while Longboat recovered a lap and a half. The crowd rose to its feet and screamed with excitement. At the end of twenty-two miles Shrubbs was still seven laps ahead, but apparently weakening, while Longboat looked as strong as ever. Shrubbs walked two hundred yards, then ran again. His trainer gave him a drink and threw water over him. Flashlight pictures were being taken every few seconds. Shrubbs walked again.

The noise was terrific as Longboat reduced the lead to four laps in the twenty-third mile. Shrubbs began to limp and his lead was reduced to two laps. As Longboat's steady pace ate up the remaining distance Shrubbs began staggering from side to side. Longboat spurred past him, Shrubbs made a helpless gesture with his hands and collapsed into the arms of his trainer in the fifth lap of the twenty-fourth mile. The Indian trotted the final two miles amid a hurricane of applause.

"He sold me like a racehorse"

Since turning professional, Longboat had been giving Flanagan trouble. "He was all right until he started to make money," Flanagan said later. "There were times when he did not feel like running, when he refused to train properly and just generally went prima donna on me."

So Flanagan, who had become manager for Jack Johnson, later to become world's heavyweight boxing champion, sold Longboat's contract to Powers for two thousand dollars. This hurt the runner. He complained to his wife, "He sold me just like a racehorse—to make money."

Then Powers organized the daddy of all marathons—to be held in the open at the New York Polo Grounds which could hold twice as many spectators as the Garden. The race, held April 3, 1909, offered five thousand dollars to the best of six men representing five nations: Longboat, Shrubbs, Dorando, Hayes, Matt Maloney (another American), and Henri St. Yves, a dark horse from France, imported by Powers and Pollock and whom no one in America had ever heard of. Another five thousand would be divided among the losers.

Twenty-five thousand people saw Longboat give up in the twentieth

mile. Shrubbs fell into a walk in the twenty-second, St. Yves won and Dorando came second. Longboat, at twenty-one, was on his way down.

On a Saturday afternoon, May 8, Longboat and Shrubbs met again, this time in a fifteen-mile outdoor race sponsored by the Montreal Star on the cinder track of the newly opened Montreal Amateur Athletic Association grounds. The distance was more to Shrubbs's liking than a marathon. He won by about five hundred yards. Longboat went to Shrubbs with his big grin and a handshake and spoke the words that became almost habit between them: "You beat me, but I beat you next time."

Powers sold Longboat's contract to Sol Mintz, of Hamilton, for seven hundred dollars—the price was an indication of Longboat's falling stock—and Mintz immediately arranged for a twenty-mile race between the two rivals to be held on the Toronto Island track on June 28.

At the gun Shrubbs set out and dragged Longboat for a mile in 4.38, the fastest mile in an American long-distance race since the marathon craze hit the continent. Longboat dropped back after this but at the fourteenth mile began a sprint that left Shrubbs limping. In the fifteenth mile Shrubbs quit and Longboat finished alone.

The Indian was now one up. But the score soon tilted in Shrubbs's favor because he would not run the longer distances and was Longboat's superior under twenty miles. He won a twelve-mile bout in Toronto and a sixteen-miler in Winnipeg. The Winnipeg race gave the rubber of five races to Shrubbs. During the next three years Shrubbs beat Longboat at ten and fifteen miles in Boston, at twelve in Toronto, fifteen in Pittsburgh, ten in Stratford.

Longboat became his own manager and neglected training. A sports editor wrote: "He may dawdle along beating dubs, but any good man will take his measure now." Tales of his drinking became legendary. In 1911 he was arrested for drunkenness in Toronto and received a suspended sentence.

But Tom Longboat had one more kick in him. On June 8, 1912, he ran a fifteen-mile race on Toronto Island against Shrubbs, A. E. Wood and Billy Queal, holder of the American ten- and twelve-mile records. They were billed as "the speediest quartette living." Shrubbs, who had sprained his ankle, was forced to quit after leading for five miles. Longboat won by about a foot and set a new record of one hour, eighteen minutes, 10-2/5 seconds, five seconds better than the previous mark set by Wood. Later it was claimed the Island track was short, but England's Sporting Chronicle Annual still



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his true Son, Jesus Christ, Who commanded that we "...hear the Church." We believe that Christ established the Catholic Church and that it bears all the distinguishing marks which Christ said His Church would bear. We accept the teachings of the Catholic Church, therefore, because we believe that it is Christ's Church. It isn't fear or superstition that impels us to do this, but clear historical fact and our own reason and intelligence.

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shows Longboat's time made that day as the record for the professional fifteen-mile distance. (The amateur record is now about forty seconds faster.)

When World War I broke out, Flanagan donned the uniform of a captain. With Col. Dick Greer he formed the 180th Sportsmen's Battalion and Longboat joined as a private. But army discipline did little to change the Indian's unpredictable nature. Once when the 180th was assigned to hold back a crowd and permit the 75th Battalion to entrain from Toronto's Union Station, Longboat was missing when his platoon reformed. Three days later he turned up in Halifax—he had taken a notion to go along with some of his army pals.

Longboat was overseas for the last two years of the war. As a brigade runner he was several times reported dead back home, but he came through unscathed. In February 1917 he turned up in England as Private Longboat of the Canadian Pioneers to run in a six-mile race at Woodford Green. In a field of 105 servicemen he came third.

The war ended, but Longboat's troubles had only begun. He found that on one of the occasions he had been reported dead his wife had married another Indian. She had also taken all the furniture from the two-story cement-block house Longboat had built on the reserve with his early winnings. Longboat recovered his furniture but not his wife, and later he took another squaw, Martha Silversmith, a Cayuga, who bore him four children.

The smart ones got it all

He drifted from job to job—farming in Alberta, working in a steel mill in Buffalo, odd jobs anywhere—and in 1922, now thirty-five, he returned penniless to Toronto and a job in a rubber plant. His name flared again briefly when he challenged Paavo Nurmi, the remarkable Finn, but the AAU refused to reinstate Longboat as an amateur. By 1927 he had hit the low point of his career—a job as helper on a Toronto garbage wagon.

What became of the thousands Longboat won in his prime? In his first three years as a professional he earned about seventeen thousand dollars. Recently I asked this question of Tom Flanagan, now seventy-seven and living in Toronto's west end.

"The same thing that happened to the money won by Joe Louis and Sugar Ray Robinson and the rest," he said. "Smart fellows show them how to double their money, and the smart fellows wind up with it all."

Longboat blew his money on liquor, fancy clothes and foolish investments in real estate. He had no idea how to handle it.

His last race was against Shrubbs at the Canadian National Exhibition in 1930. It was a stunt and each man got three hundred dollars. Shrubbs, then fifty-three and ten years older than Longboat, jogged a mile and won easily.

Longboat became a mail carrier in Buffalo, N.Y., and in 1946 found he had diabetes. He was treated for a while at Sunnybrook Hospital in Toronto but soon went back to his reserve. "It was too lonely there," he told his wife Martha. On Jan. 9, 1949, he died and was buried on the reservation following a service in the Onondaga tradition.

"He was a better man as an Indian than he was trained as a white man," Flanagan said recently. "I often thought if we could have kept him on the reservation and brought him out just to run, what he could have done would have been even more remarkable." ★

Who's winning the battle over report cards?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

may be far below the class average.

The new cards have received a great deal of public criticism, but little of it has come from within those schools using them. Either teachers are happy with the reports or they are maintaining a prudent silence. But from the universities and high schools several voices have spoken out in protest.

The dean of education at the University of Manitoba, N. V. Scarfe, concedes that teachers should report the marks of children in relation to the children's abilities. But he says it is a mistake to do *only* this. "The most important thing a parent needs to know is how well the child is working in comparison to what he can do, and I think maximum emphasis should be put on the child's attitude. The report card must be constructive; it must tell the parent how he can help the child. But the secondary, and still important, thing that the parent must know is, how well the child is doing in relation to the rest of the class. I think the parent deserves to be told this."

Hilda Neatby, University of Saskatchewan history professor and author of *So Little For The Mind*—the literary frontal attack on many of the methods of Canadian education—says the new reports are definitely not an improvement. "I'm completely against them," she says. "In this age, when we seem to be going in for so many scientific measurements in the schools, it seems curious that children are marked this way. I think the school should mark and register exactly what the child does, though I don't insist that it's necessary to show the results to the children."

The partial elimination of competition, cited by advocates of subjective reports as their chief virtue, is also their main vice in the eyes of many critics. "I don't see why competition shouldn't be allowed in school when there's so much of it in life," says A. E. O'Neill, retired principal of the Oshawa (Ont.) Collegiate and Vocational Institute. "I would like to know, as long as we live in a competitive world, at what age your sensibilities get tough enough to withstand the shock of learning that you can't compete as well as some people can. You can be kind to people to the point where they become soft. I think this sort of thing could weaken our national character."

The answer many educators give to this is that adults don't face the kind of competition that children face under objective reporting. They are not forced, by law, to walk every day into a place where they have to compete with people who are vastly superior. They pick their fields and compete with their equals, whether as bricklayers or nuclear physicists.

Does the old-fashioned way of reporting in coldly accurate terms have a damaging effect on a child's personality? Some people think it doesn't. Mrs. Mary Mahon, a former school trustee in North York, a Toronto suburb, says, "Grading is supposed to induce an inferiority complex. But I don't think children get inferiority complexes that easily. I think they're the toughest things on earth." Certain psychologists take the opposite view.

D. C. Williams, psychologist at the University of Toronto, claims the old type of report can fail as a means of

promoting competition. "The dull children give up when presented with an impossible goal. If the purpose of the report card is to provide a motivation, it can easily fail."

Williams thinks a separate goal should be provided for each child to shoot at—which is more or less what the new reports try to do. "The teacher can say to the pupil, 'This is what you've learned now; you can learn this much more.' Provided it's used with some psychological insight, the subjective report can be a good thing, although it can be a failure if you give the child an unrealistic picture of his abilities."

To the people who complain that children don't learn "the hard realities of life" under the new system, Williams replies: "Yes, competition is one of the realities, but look at what a mess the world is in. Why perpetuate the system? Is this what you want to teach?"

Some people who admire the theory behind the new system of subjective reporting have serious doubts about its possibilities in practice. The educators who devised the new reports might be able to apply them, they say. But the teachers who must actually fill out the reports are, in many cases, young people with little training. Can they provide what Williams says is necessary for the new reports—"An insightful evaluation of the possibilities of the child, then a conscious exploration of the goals the child is to try for"? Certainly the new systems make reporting time a much more difficult period for teachers than it was under the old system. Ten years ago a teacher had only to add up marks from tests and classroom work and translate them into class standings, percentages or letter grades. Now a teacher making out a subjective report must do most of the work that was formerly necessary and then make a balanced judgment that includes an estimate of her pupil's intelligence.

"A few little jokers . . ."

This last task is much more involved than the simple marking of an IQ test. Williams compares an IQ test to a pulse rate. Anyone can mark an IQ test or take a pulse rate but you must be trained to be able to understand what either of them means. Some teachers are trained in the use of IQ tests at normal school but many teaching today have had no formal instruction in the subject. And even when a teacher understands IQ tests they can backfire. Lorne McLachlan, who teaches grade seven in Islington Public School in the Toronto suburb of Etobicoke, says: "Some kids will write an objective test and do poorly on it on purpose so they can bask in the glory of immense improvement. We have a few little jokers like that."

But if the new methods make reporting time difficult for the teacher they also sometimes make it baffling for the parent. A parent who approaches a subjective report without some help from the teacher can't help being puzzled. To begin with, there are the strange new phrases. In some communities the parent will read on the card that his son has been marked for "Social attitudes" or on whether he "Is on good terms with other pupils," or on "Mastery of computation skills" (arithmetic). He may, if he happens to live in Saskatoon, find that his son has received a grade that depends on whether he "Participates in school music activities to best of ability." But the letter grades themselves can be baffling too. Many report cards that offer grades depending on what the child is able to learn explain themselves

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in ambiguous terms, if at all. Most schools try to explain to parents what the reports mean but don't get a chance to explain to everyone. "If you're involved closely with the school the subjective report card is fine," Reva Gerstein, a Toronto psychologist, claims. "But if the report card is your only communication with the teacher you're lost."

Parents in some communities where the new reports have been introduced have reacted as people often do when confronted by something new and difficult: they have objected strenuously.

This happened when the subjective reports made their most publicized Canadian appearance—in the public schools of Toronto. They lasted exactly one school year—officially.

In November 1951 the Toronto public schools sent home a report card in which every child was marked purely on the basis of his own abilities. O, for Outstanding, S, for Satisfactory, U, for Unsatisfactory, were the only marks given. The superintendents had put the change into effect as a routine move, without consulting the elected board of education.

Complaints from bewildered parents poured in as soon as the reports reached home. Board of education members demanded to know what it was the voters were complaining so loudly about. High-school authorities denounced the new system. "This is apparently the result of pseudo-psychology gone mad," said George L. Roberts, of Oshawa, president of the Ontario Secondary School Teachers' Federation. "It is completely out of touch with the realities of life, let alone education." In January 1952 the board met and banned the card,

ordering the superintendents to replace it with one that was closer to the old-fashioned kind. The following winter Toronto children took home reports on which A B C and D had replaced O S and U.

But the board never did get around to settling finally the question of whether the reports were to be objective or subjective. Though Z. S. Phimister, superintendent of public schools, changed the letters on the card, he said at the time: "We have not abandoned the principle of treating the child as an individual and keeping his abilities in mind."

This left the Toronto system in an ambiguous position. It remains there to this day. A few weeks ago H. E. Cavell, Phimister's assistant superintendent, said the Toronto reports now show only marks that reflect the actual achievement of the child, unmodified (except in the separate "Effort" column) by considerations of his ability. But in the same week one of the principals under Cavell's jurisdiction told a reporter that the marks on his school's report cards told about the child's achievements "in regard to his age, intelligence, physique, emotional maturity and home background."

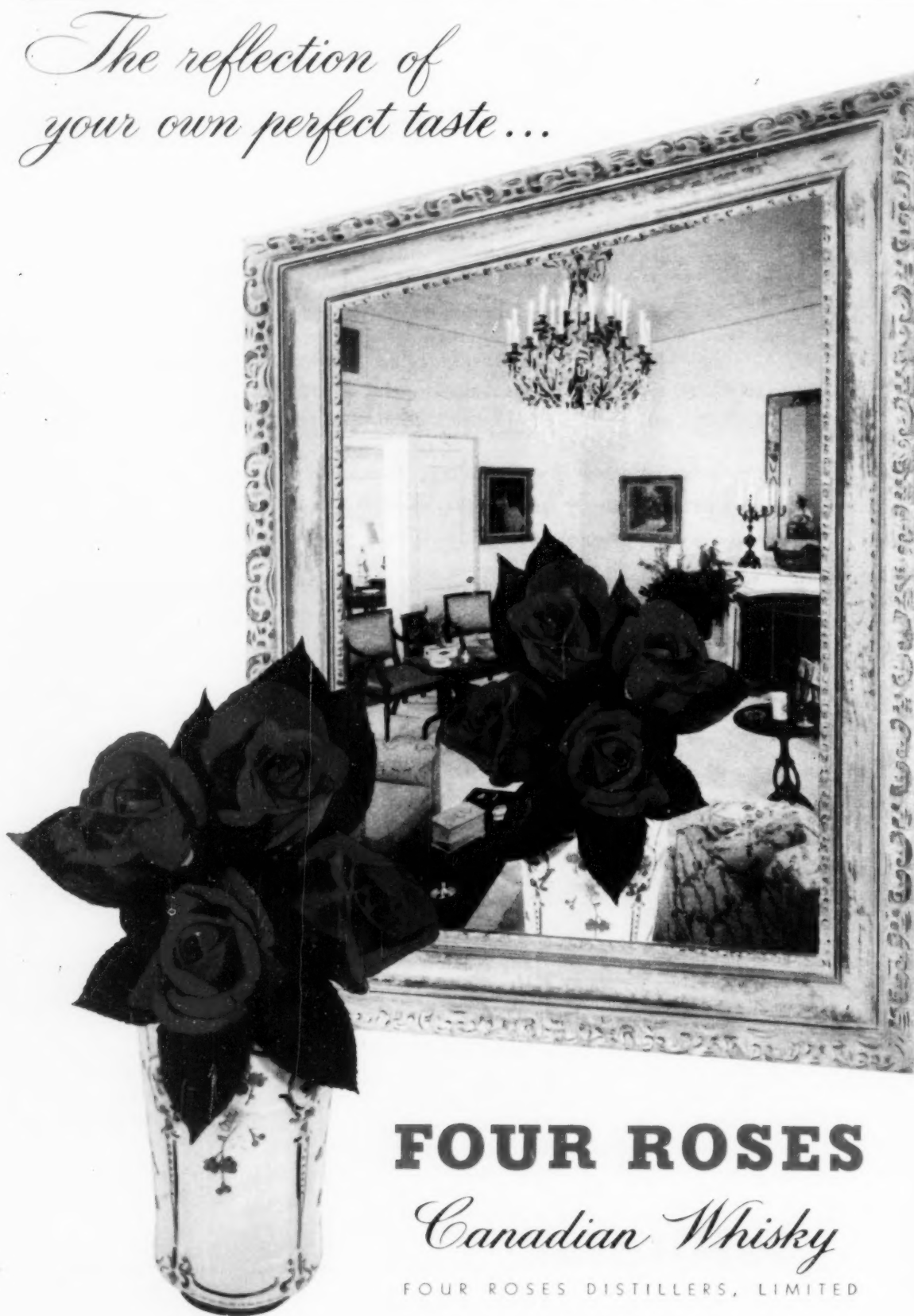
To lessen the shock

The Toronto experience didn't slow down the trend toward subjective reporting. Etobicoke, right on Toronto's western edge, adopted the new-style reports only a year later, having by then experimented in several of its schools with different types of reports. But Etobicoke experienced no public reaction similar to Toronto's. One reason may have been that the Etobicoke superintendents chose the familiar A B C D symbols rather than the unorthodox O S U, thus lessening the shock. Another reason was that the principals and teachers put on an extensive public-relations campaign before the reports went home. Parents were informed both at home-and-school meetings and by letter that they were to receive a new kind of report. By the time they read the reports the parents knew fairly well what they meant.

Etobicoke teachers mark the reports according to the ability of the child, but they put a special emphasis on the child's progress since his last report. If two children go into the same class in the fall term, one having done well and the other badly on the previous spring report, they may do exactly the same work but they almost certainly won't get the same grades. If a child receives a B on his report, it doesn't mean that he earned a high mark on a test or could earn it. It means simply that his improvement has been so great that the teacher figures he deserves the mark. If he was earning thirty marks the previous spring, work at the level that in the old days would have got him only a fifty-five may now produce a B.

Though this kind of report makes it necessary to render a balanced

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One Toronto school has found a solution: it has torn up the report card altogether

judgment on a human being's ability. Mrs. Kay Currie, a grade one teacher at Norseman School in Etobicoke, claims that the new method makes up for this burden in the satisfaction she gets from making out a more meaningful report. She also says that the parents of her pupils find the new reports more helpful. Mrs. Currie said recently that she also gets more help from parents than teachers got a few years ago. Etobicoke teachers try to see their pupils' parents at least three times a year—once at an "afternoon seminar" early in the year and twice more at parents' nights. Mrs. Currie never neglects to ask the parents, usually the mothers, "Is there anything you can tell me about your son?" She says this sometimes turns the interview into a report from the parent to the teacher on the child's background and she often finds out about personality problems she had only guessed at.

Teachers in grades above Mrs. Currie's now can make use of the record systems established in recent years by most Canadian provinces. Ontario's permanent record card, adopted five years ago to replace a scattered disorganized system, shows every important fact the child's teachers have learned about him, from the result of his first IQ test to the answer he last gave when asked what he wanted to do when he grew up. It travels with the child from school to school; as a result every Ontario teacher past grade one has at least a little pertinent background data on every child.

Subjective reports appeared first in experimental form in the United States about twenty-five years ago. There, in many schools, the percentage system has given way to objective letter grades, the objective letter grades have been replaced in turn by the new subjective letter grades, and finally, in some schools, subjective grades have been replaced by no report cards at all. In the last case, the cards have been replaced by parent-teacher interviews. This idea has been slower to take hold in Canadian public schools. But it has been tried and found successful in several places. Forest Hill, a Toronto suburb, reports in objective, old-fashioned terms but in one of its schools two grade one teachers have entirely eliminated report cards and now do their reporting in personal interviews. They give parents orally the same objective grades they would otherwise write on a report card but in the interviews they can also explain the reasoning behind the marks. The experiment, now several years old, has been considered a success and school board officials have given it their approval. But as yet there is no move to put it to work in the other schools of the system.

One of the few schools in Canada that have eliminated report cards entirely is the elementary school run by Dr. W. E. Blatz' Institute of Child Study at the University of Toronto. The institute, which studies mental health in education, has seventy pupils in classes from kindergarten to grade five. None ever takes home a report card.

The reason, according to the assistant director, Dorothy Millichamp, is that "we feel the most important thing is that the child put forth as much effort as possible." This, and not the mark, is what the school tries to concentrate on. Miss Millichamp thinks that as soon as a report card is introduced the teacher, the pupil and the

parent tend to put the emphasis on the mark. Also, the institute seeks to avoid conflict between pupils. "The report card involves the children in conflict, and this can make children grow up thinking their contemporaries are their enemies," Miss Millichamp adds.

When a parent arrives at the Blatz institute to find out how her child is doing, she first sees Miss Millichamp who tells her about the child's personality development. Then she sees the principal of the elementary school, Mrs. Rachel Minkler, who discusses the child's academic achievement. Finally she visits the class and sees the teacher, who fills her in further. To help formulate the judgments they eventually give to the parents, the staff members have an intricate series of tests—intelligence tests, two types of personality tests, sociometric tests (on how the child fits in with his contemporaries), and projective, or ink-blot, tests. The teachers have only about twenty children in each class, which makes personal reporting easier than it is in public schools that have as many as forty pupils to each teacher.

Can the teacher judge?

But what about schools not so well staffed as the Blatz institute? One Toronto parent said recently: "Evaluating my child's ability and then marking her on that basis is an excellent idea, but can it be done? If her grade three teacher had taken a BA and then done postgraduate work in psychology and education and then had a few years in the schools, I would believe in her evaluation. But as it is the teacher has a high-school education, one year in normal school, and two years' experience as a teacher. How can I trust her evaluation?"

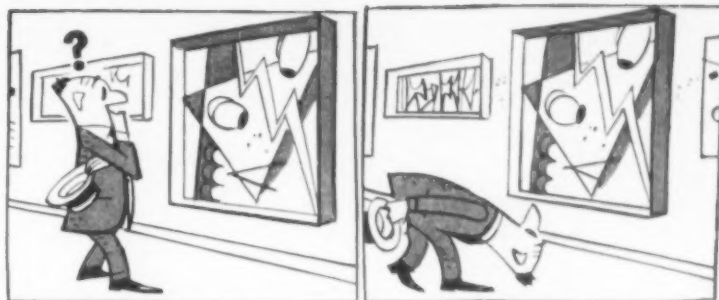
The parent's question pointed up what many educators, including some of the new report's advocates, consider the basic problem of subjective reporting: even if everyone were to agree that it was the best kind of reporting, would it be really possible? With Canada's hundreds of new schools clamoring for teachers, teacher-training standards still leave much to be desired. Instead of getting the extra training that the new reporting systems demand, teachers are in some cases getting less than they have had in many years. Parents may refuse to accept their evaluations of such complicated intangibles as the intelligence levels of seven-year-olds.

The sceptical Toronto parent's question was put recently to L. B. Bissell, principal of West Glen Public School in Etobicoke. Bissell is one of the framers of the Etobicoke report and a staunch advocate of subjective reporting. "We favor the parent-teacher interview," he replied. "If the parent gets to know the teacher well enough, the parent, being intelligent, can evaluate the teacher's ability to evaluate his child."

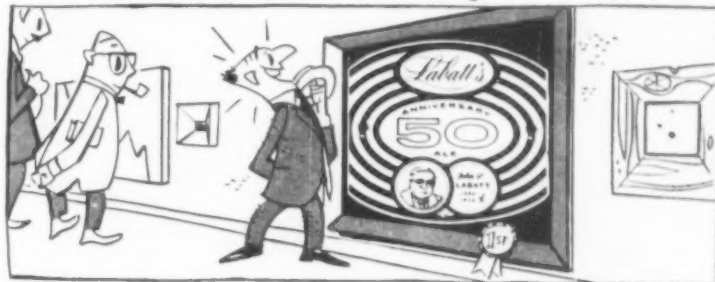
"But," he was asked, "what if the parent doesn't consider himself intelligent enough to make as difficult an evaluation as that?"

He paused for a moment. "Then he will just have to accept the teacher's evaluation," he said.

So there the battle of the report cards rests. The advocates of the new system still have a long uphill fight before them but it looks as though they're slightly ahead on points after the first few rounds. ★



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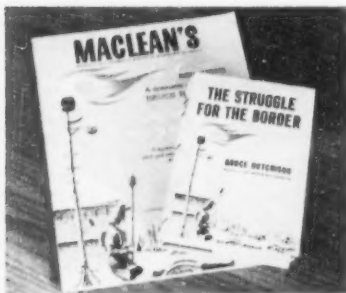
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IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE



A magazine cover is reborn on a book.



A short story becomes a Yule TV play.

The not-so-fleeting art

PERIODICAL journalism, we have to keep reminding ourselves, is really a transient art. According to legend, last month's article is as dead as the autumn leaves in the song of the same name. Last year's fiction story is gone with the snows of yesterday. Or at least that has been the general belief in this business for some generations.

And yet last year's articles, fiction stories and illustrations keep coming back to haunt us long after they should be decently laid in their grave. We turn on the television on Christmas Day and there is a Maclean's story of two years ago—A Gift for the Princess, by Mary Grannan—being produced as a special CBC Christmas program. We switch on a program called Four Star Playhouse and there is Mr. David Niven acting in a play called The Firing Squad. We recall that the story by Colin McDougall first appeared in Maclean's three years ago and won first prize in our 1952 short-story contest. (The Canadian soldiers have become Australians for some mysterious reason but otherwise the plot is unchanged.)

We go to a bookstore and there, on a book jacket, is a Maclean's cover by Duncan Macpherson—drawn for our issue of March 5, 1955, to illustrate Bruce Hutchison's series, The Struggle for the Border. When the Hutchison series became a book the publishers felt they could do no better than use the Maclean's cover as a jacket. And cheek by jowl on the bookshelf is Pyke Johnson's Cartoon Treasury, published by Doubleday and Company. We discover that it contains more cartoons from Maclean's than from any other Eng-

lish-language magazine—and, incidentally, more cartoons by George Feyer, a perennial contributor to our pages, than by any other cartoonist. Feyer in fact was asked to do a special cartoon for the title page.

And now, of all things, here is Trans-Canada Air Lines asking for fifty copies of our April 16 issue containing Morley Callaghan's novel, The Man With The Coat, to use as a case study in management training work. "Such a study of how people think, grow, change, judge, guess, assume, react, emote etc., as this, seems to us a valuable contribution to the 'people awareness' of anyone who reads it." So writes R. M. Robbins, conference leader of TCA's management development group.

Robert Thomas Allen, we discover, is about to publish a book of humor made up of his pieces in Maclean's. Pierre Berton's book, The Mysterious North, to be published this month, is largely drawn from material that first appeared in this magazine. Alan Phillips is completing a book on the Royal Canadian Mounted Police based on articles first published in these pages.

Many of Yousuf Karsh's photos of Canada, taken especially for us, have been selected by the Encyclopaedia Britannica for its 1956 Book of the Year. Thomas B. Costain's The White and the Gold, first published in Maclean's, has already become an all-time Canadian best seller; and we have no doubt at all that Bruce Hutchison's current series will become a hard-cover classic.

Perhaps magazine journalism isn't as fleeting as we'd thought. ★



\$2 worth of pneumonia

There's something about an imminent parking ticket that leads motorists into strange excesses. Artist Franklin Arbuckle was sketching this section of downtown Saskatoon—with the steam plume of the CNR's Hotel Bessborough blowing high—when word flashed around the neighborhood that a cop was scribbling numbers outside. Obeying sheer instinct, and forgetting his coat, muffler and his rubbers, one man dashed into the sub-zero cold on that traditional futile quest.

Bruce Hutchison discovers industrial Quebec

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

with evident alarm and said something in French to his employer.

"Bad," the garage proprietor explained. "It is very bad." He tried to summon the right English word and added, "Organic."

Yes, organic, and without a moment's hesitation the mechanic plunged like a surgeon into the bowels of the engine. It was soon stripped apart and laid in fragments across the floor.

Meanwhile, half a dozen local customers needed attention but they made no complaint and seemed to enjoy the excuse of a leisurely talk among themselves. A market place or a fish wharf had once been the forum of the village. Now its forum was a machine shop.

Two young men in greasy overalls, who spoke English with an Irish accent—descended, I suppose, from the immigrants who had fled the great Irish famine—brought their smashed truck to the garage and waited patiently, smoking noxious black pipes. They worked in the new Gaspé mines to the north. The rich ore there, they said, had been known to prospectors for sixty years but until recently no one had bothered to develop it. Now even in remote Gaspé the revolution was going ahead full-blast.

These lads guessed they were Irish but were not sure. Did they get along well with the French Canadians? They eyed me curiously, a trifle coldly, at that question. Nobody around here, they replied, ever thought about that. Everybody was the same and got along fine.

A plump Canadian in flashy dress, evidently a commercial traveler, edged up to me and spoke in confidence.

"You come from B. C., eh? I seen your license plate. I've been out west, too—in Ontario three years. A good country but I didn't like it. People treat you all right, not a word to say against them, but there's something queer about it. I never felt good there with those people. So I came home. You don't make so much dough here, of course, but it's your own people. You understand?"

I said I understood perfectly but of course I didn't. Has any western Canadian ever understood these people, about a third of the nation? And how many of us understand what is happening to transform their society, to alarm their Church, convulse their politics and make the Quebec of yesterday almost unrecognizable?

I strolled down the empty, treeless road and fell into talk, across a wooden fence, with a man who might have been painted as the conventional portrait of a French-Canadian peasant, or carved in one of those familiar wooden figures for the tourist trade. He had a sharp, shrewd old face, bony and veined with crimson, a body bent with labor.

He was plowing a scant acre of earth, behind a single horse as bony and tired as its master. The plowman acknowledged my clumsy greeting in French with a knowing, friendly smile, and the horse seemed glad to pause in the furrow.

"Where from?" the farmer asked, and when I told him I was from the Pacific coast he dropped the reins and strode across the furrows to get a closer look at me.

"Vancouver!" he said and smiled again as if that magic name were a bond between us. "My boy, he goes to Vancouver. He sends de photos.

Ah, de big trees! She must be good country, yes?"

I said it was a reasonably good country and hoped his boy would like it there. Oh, yes, the boy liked it all right. He was making big wages in the woods and sending money home every month. A second boy had gone to Toronto and worked in a factory. The rest of the family was scattered in the St. Lawrence towns.

The children of that man would not come back to Gaspé again. Why should they? He looked across his cramped rectangle of soil, at the ramshackle cottage, the three cows, and his wife, bucket in hand, dropping potatoes along the furrows.

There wasn't enough land, he said, for him and his sons. It had been cut up again and again and divided between the sons of twelve generations until it could be divided no more.

In the time of this man's father, less than a century ago, the landless sons of Quebec poured into New England, half a million of them between 1860 and 1890, and bred there a French-Canadian stock of two million. Now the industrial revolution offers plenty of jobs in Canada and the boys are moving to the city, are pushing far beyond Quebec into Ontario, the prairies and British Columbia and in that movement are being themselves changed as they have already changed French Canada.

"Big pay up dere in de city," the farmer said. "Nice house. Easy work. Dat's fine t'ing, okay for young man. Not me—too old."

Was he a little lonely for his children? For a moment he didn't answer and his eyes searched mine for communication. He hungered, I could see, for some knowledge of the far-off mysterious land where his sons and daughters had gone. There was yearning, hurt and wonderment in those old eyes. He wanted to know what was happening to his family, to the life he once knew here, to the larger life beyond the hills which he would never see.

A memory turned upside down

I could give him no answer. We were both citizens of the same nation and aliens to each other, both Canadians and forever strangers. In that moment of contact across a fence as formidable as any iron curtain I felt, like a physical blow, the awful fact of Canada's duality.

No words can convey it. It is too deep for words. It is never translated since neither English nor French, as spoken by the lips, can be rendered into the secret language of two separate minds.

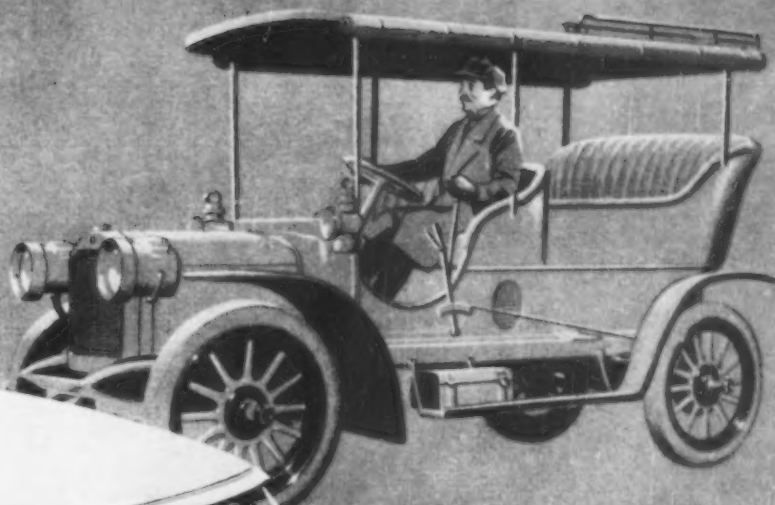
This peasant on the other side of an impervious rail fence, this man of strong native intelligence, of unequaled experience on this land, of a will power racially indestructible, has been called a member of a conquered race, and that memory doubtless was never long absent from his thoughts, or from the thoughts of any man in Quebec.

"Je me souviens," is the watchword of these people. They all remember the same thing, the wrong thing, and turn it upside down, exactly as we do outside Quebec. A conquered race! Maybe an inferior race? At least a weakness and tragic schism in our Canadian nature—so many of us are inclined to think.

As I looked into this man's eyes, guessed their wordless contents and knew that he was a better man than I could ever hope to be, I almost laughed aloud at the irony and falsehood that so often masquerades as the truth about French Canada.

Conquered? Inferior? Weak? Why, this man and his people, the sixty

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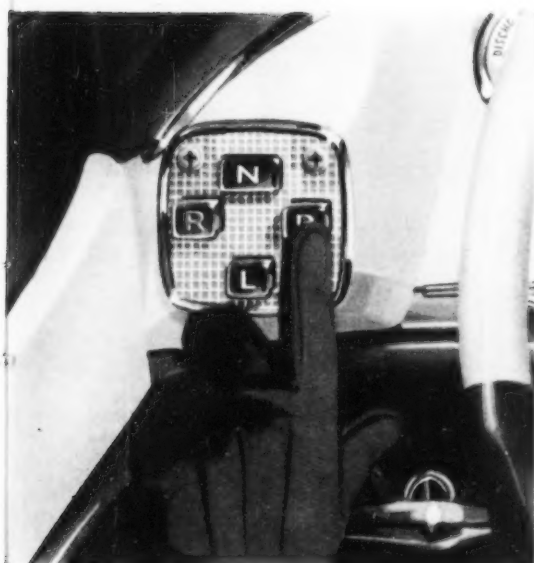


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thousand besieged by the whole force of the British Empire and apparently destroyed, have achieved a conquest of their own with no recorded parallel, have given us our second heritage, the treasures of French civilization, and for all the eddies on the surface of politics, have made possible our transcontinental state. Strangers to us, alas, yes. But the oldest, most deeply grained and fundamental Canadians in this land.

All this is obvious, is printed in every schoolbook. Yet the actual discovery of the French Canadian, even if one has been in Quebec many times before, is always a shattering surprise—the discovery, I mean, that the French Canadian is a human being, not a label; a person, not a problem; that his society is not a solid lump of race, religion, politics and prejudice as it seems to be at a distance, but varied, complex, troubled and sorely torn by these times like human society at large.

It may be, indeed, more troubled and torn than most of Canadian society because here the revolution of the machine is so rapid, after its long delay, so sudden and unexpected.

The same revolution is under way everywhere, of course, from Newfoundland to British Columbia, as Canada becomes an industrial nation. In Quebec it is comparatively large in size and almost different in kind; for it cuts directly across a settled way of life and thought more deeply than in any other province. As nowhere else it threatens the age-old habits of a race and, because modern industry cannot be isolated, it dooms the isolation of an ancient peasant society.

This abrupt change—by far the largest since the so-called Conquest—is proclaimed by every smokestack beside the river. It issues from every machine in the factories. It clamors over every labor dispute and dominates every manoeuvre of politics.

Quebec has ceased to be a simple farm community, an island in the sea of modern America. Its livelihood is earned mainly by the engines of an industry that must soon be one of the largest on the continent. Two thirds of its people are urban. A peasantry has become largely a proletariat. The quaint French Canada of yesterday belongs mainly to tourist advertising and the holiday diaries of schoolmarm from Boston.

As the farmer chatted with me at the roadside, a shiny new Cadillac went rapidly by in a billow of dust. It contained only the driver, a priest in black clerical garb.

"Nice maysheen," the farmer said and tilted his pipe at the disappearing car. He permitted himself a private chuckle. In the old days the priest of every Gaspé village used to light bonfires and ring the church bell to guide the fishermen out of the Atlantic mist. Things have changed. The farmer laughed to himself again but offered no further comment.

He could hardly realize that it is from his Church, supposedly the most conservative force in the world, that some of Quebec's most radical social thinking has lately come, or that the Church, more than any other institution, is feeling with alarm the impact of the revolution.

I asked the farmer whether his sons still went to the Church in Vancouver and Toronto. But, yes, they were faithful to the Church for sure. Then he remarked dryly that his sons had two children each. His own wife had borne eleven.

The operation on my car was now complete, the patient fully recovered and, with my wife at the wheel (I always put her there when the scenery promised to be attractive), we swung

"The French Canadian is a human being, not a label; a person, not a problem"

around the long wriggling shore of Gaspé.

It is almost as beautiful as the tourist folders say in their routine of professional hyperbole—and more interesting.

Black headlands are thrust into the ocean like the fingers of a Negroid hand, palm downward. White foam explodes on rusty cliffs. Villages innumerable are fastened like ragged garments to the clothesline of the road. Around every turn a metallic church steeple glistens against the green of the forest and the blue of the sea, some marble Virgin watches the traveler from a hillside, or a solitary wooden cross, successor to the first Canadian cross planted here by Cartier, lists under the weight of the weather.

Around the turn, a ghost ship

Then the road swings inland, through tightly folded valleys, gulches of dark timber and multitudes of lost villages. And always, everywhere, children by the roadside, and behind every house diapers hanging out to dry, the humble banners of fertility.

It was getting on toward evening when we rounded a hairpin turn and almost collided with the harsh fantasy of the Pierced Rock. We stopped the car and gasped. No photograph, no painting, no printed word had warned us of this spectacle.

A ship of polished bronze, glowing hot in the sunset, a ship five times larger than any ship built by man, bored clean through the hull as by a torpedo, her rudder broken from the stern, lay beached a few yards from shore—a dead, deserted, spectre ship with the ghost of some ancient mariner lashed to the wheel, a ship of hallucination and delirium, her only living passengers a white wraith of sea gulls, a ship ravaged and scuttled by the sea and now yearning for her last sanctuary.

Percé's famous rock has been beached here for quite a spell now. Grain by grain it crumbles and, the geologists say, will sink exactly thirteen thousand years hence. The villagers have not observed much change in it lately but

on June 7, 1845, Phillip Le Boutillier looked from his store to see the ship's stern fall into the sea with deafening detonation of sound, dust and frightened waterfowl. Someone will see that sight again.

Though Percé has built a substantial tourist trade around its prodigy, has primped itself up, rouged its cheeks and dressed in its Sunday best for visitors, it still sends its fishermen out to the cod banks where they have been fishing for three centuries. The boats have changed—the peculiar boats of Gaspé, pointed and high at both ends—but the fishermen, I imagine, are unchangeable.

Two of them painted their tiny schooner by the beach that night. In their black berets and rough sweaters they might have been working by any beach in Normandy. Where, I asked, did they fish? The younger man pointed with his paintbrush to the open sea, that graveyard of many brave ships since Cartier first breached the continental mystery here.

The fishing had been bad, these men said, the weather ruinous. A year ago the village had gone to bed on a calm night, the fleet bobbing peacefully at anchor, and next morning every craft in Percé lay smashed on the rocks by a hurricane. The fishermen shrugged. They knew the Atlantic.

The darkness fell, the phantom ship of bronze slipped her mooring and faded into the nothingness whence she had come, and a rotund figure walked down to the beach.

At first glance he might have been the village *avocat*, in black coat and stiff collar, but a second glance penetrated that disguise. I saw at once, from his swelling vest, his vinous cheeks and crafty eye that Shakespeare's justice, "in fair round belly with good capon lin'd . . . full of wise saws and modern instances," had stepped briefly out of the forest of Arden to play his little part.

He greeted me ceremoniously, in perfect English, noting that my car bore a British Columbia license. That was interesting, very. He had always wanted to visit the west and see what the people there were like.

"Don't we surprise you here, my friend?" he asked. "Of course. It is everywhere the same—the human comedy, eh?"

He stopped smiling and added, "Perhaps it is the tragedy, we should say. We are all in it together, the same boat, but the French, the English, what do they know about each other? Nothing."

He glanced at me to see if I caught his meaning and demanded sharply, "Shall we fight? No, there are too many of us to kill, so we must get along. It is formidable. We would get along very well except for a few old people, too set in their ways. But the young will be different. It is the education. It is changing everything in Quebec. When you go home, think about that. Think about it very much. And remember, we are all the same"—he thrust a plump finger into the left side of his vest—"in here."

Having delivered this extraordinary speech, which seemed rehearsed, pat and probably delivered many times before, the justice saluted me with his cane and rolled away.

Next day we followed a winding route around the sheer cliffs and tidal flats of the peninsula. That blunt nose of land, sniffing the full flavor of the Atlantic, was chilled with wind, spray and mist, but warmer than the interior, where the road lurched and dipped like a roller coaster through a miniature range of Rockies, the inner recesses of the Shickshocks.

Only an occasional scratch

Winter still possessed the mountains. Snowdrifts two feet deep were sweating in the May sun. Here and there farmers plowed some niggard valley. Men with little axes and handsaws cut pulp logs and marked their names on each butt. Even the mechanical saw had not reached a people who spoke no English, hardly looked up as we passed and might have been a thousand miles from civilization.

As suddenly as it had risen, the road dropped a few miles farther on and we were on the southern shoulder of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Here was another primary fact, hidden today by fog but clear enough on the map of Canada—this yawning eastern mouth of the nation, the long gash of geography and the river that carries its cargoes halfway across the continent. Champlain seized the gulf and river and handed on to his race more than he knew.

To the westward the channel narrowed. We could see the blur of the north shore and, in imagination, the plateau of the Canadian Shield, hurling its waters to the Atlantic and Hudson Bay, a treasury beyond measurement, only a portion of it tapped by man.

The liquid reservoir of Quebec holds, they say, almost half of Canada's potential hydro power and inevitably will nourish a major workshop of the continental economy. Within Quebec the Shield also contains the iron ore of Ungava with other minerals and timber in the perfect combination of industry.

Yet, when you see it, man's work has made only an occasional scratch upon the surface of immensity. Saguenay's appalling gorges look as empty as on the day of creation, though they lead, if not to Cartier's Kingdom of Saguenay and its fabled *diamants*, to the soaring dams of Shipshaw and the factories of Arvida which turn bauxite from Guiana into aluminum. The same spill and lash of water carries the upland logs down to the river and powers the pulp mills to transform them into paper. Still, if you move a little way from the riverbank, the land rolls on to the north as Champlain





PHOTO BY KARSH

Two points away from a Brading's

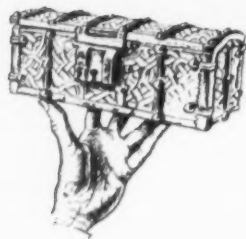
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COMPASS OF CULTURE

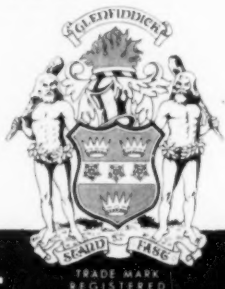
This small whalebone casket, and one other like it, are almost the sole indications left that Celtic art and

culture did exist in Scotland in the Fifteenth Century and in fact progressed from the stone monuments to the exquisitely carved dirk handles of later centuries.

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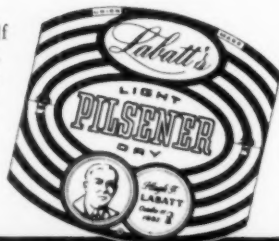
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THE SWING IS DEFINITELY TO
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must have seen it so many years ago.

Man clings to the river in two thin lines of farm land and industry. The stark chimneys on both banks, the towns clustered around those smoking altars of the new age, the logs in booms or mountainous pyramids, the paper streaming off the rollers, the people no longer following the plow but punching the time clock—all these things acquaint the traveler with Quebec's revolution. In economic and human terms it is wide and deep, in geographical terms very narrow upon the St. Lawrence shelf and cheek by jowl with the immemorial industry of agriculture.

To be sure, the northern farm country of Maria Chapdelaine around Lake St. John, the newly rich mining towns like Rouyn, Noranda and Val d'Or, the whole industrial complex of the Abitibi country with its spreading network of roads and railways—all give Quebec a new dimension. But its life, as from the beginning, is attached to the river, at once the stomach and the lung of its economy, which digests the food of the hinterland, inhales the traffic of the Atlantic and exhales the traffic of the Canadian interior all the way from the Great Lakes.

As we drove west the villages began to look more prosperous, better painted, quaint and toylike. Their houses wore those familiar gimcrack porches of the Christmas cards, the gaudy false shutters, hipped roofs and dormers, all designed like rows of wedding cakes from the kitchen of some fanciful chef. The revolution had not touched them yet and, one hopes, will never alter them, but it was moving this way.

At a hotel in one of these river towns the agents of the revolution could be seen reconnoitering the next advance.

The same figure who presides over every country hotel in France, the massive female with generous bosom and calculating eye, carved half a beef in the kitchen, her powerful bare arms spattered with blood. Her daughters waited on table with shy giggles. The chicken was cooked as only a French woman can cook it and the decorations had a true Gallic tinge. Lace antimacassars protected the mail-order easy chairs. The immaculate silver spittoon was intended for ornament only. Exotic birds fluttered in strident prints about the walls. A high-button boot in pink glass held three artificial carnations.

Two men drove up from the west in a big car, entered the dining room, crossed themselves hurriedly and began an assault on the pea soup. They were travelers from Montreal, sleek men, expensively dressed, obviously contemptuous of this village, and they

sold machinery which they discussed with the enthusiasm of their kind. They were bringing the machine to Gaspé. They were pushing back the frontier. And in this village they were strangers, like us.

Even as they talked the life now being changed by such men suddenly revealed itself just outside the window.

A passing cart had dropped a small stick of wood and it lay in a puddle, a few feet from the travelers' limousine. Out of a doorway hobbled an ancient woman, a shawl over her head. She clutched the stick and carried it triumphantly back to her stove. Mau-passant's celebrated story, *The Bit of String*, told no more than that stick of wood about the nature of Quebec's Norman folk. They had not changed much in this village but they would change in another generation.

Already the change is complete in the larger towns. We usually think, out west, of a French town—any French town beyond Montreal or Quebec City—as rather crude, gauche and provincial. It was a little surprising, therefore, to spend that night in a hotel at Rimouski luxurious enough for any metropolis, and to encounter the commercial talent of the French race at its peak.

Shrill squeaks for fury

Rimouski, I suppose, is almost a model of the new French-Canadian provincial city. Destroyed by fire, it has been rebuilt in architecture more massive and flashy than attractive in dull Anglo-Saxon eyes, leaving only a few of the lovely old gingerbread houses that once lined a village street. The modern stores are crammed with the latest gadgetry, the streets with a purely urban people a few miles—but a full era of time—from the hamlets to the eastward.

The wrestling match in the skating rink that night offered the usual pretense of skill and agony, enlivened by a certain Gallic fury and the shrill squeaks of a fleshy woman, evidently a society leader, wearing a fortune in diamonds. We left early and fell into talk, over a cup of coffee, with a quiet, well-spoken young man.

He was an engineer in a paper company, and a sign of the times. Quebec at last is educating its own technicians to manage the revolution. The old educational system which consigned all scholars to the humanities, and thus gave English-speaking Canadians all the best jobs in the new industries, is breaking down.

And high time, too, the engineer said. Actually, he told us, the portrait of

his people as essentially rural and agricultural by their hereditary nature had never been more than an invention anyway.

"We always liked the town," he said. "Why, it took fifteen years after Champlain got settled in Quebec before they cleared an acre or two of land on Hébert's farm, if you could call it a farm."

"What," he asked me, "do you see out west on the prairies? Farms, big farms, far apart. What do you see here? Towns close together. We're social animals and always were. This idea that we weren't made for industry is a laugh. Why, we're far more urban than any Canadians."

Perhaps he exaggerated but urban civilization is certainly packed tight along the shelf of the St. Lawrence. Rivière du Loup, Sherbrooke, Sorel, Trois Rivières and so many other towns that no traveler can remember their names, so many villages that a car must slow down at almost every mile, are breeding that modern species, the industrial man. And they are quietly spreading the uniformity of the age, in French version, and transforming overnight the oldest social pattern in Canada. How, I wondered, was this process affecting the largest force in this society?

In a certain village, far from the main road, I paced the sunny, walled garden of a monastery with a monk of serene look, powerful mind and quiet speech. Yes, he said, it was true, all too true—the country boy who moved to the city often lost touch with the Church. The village curé knew every family down to the last infant. In the city how could the priest possibly keep such close touch with his flock?

The former peasant, now a factory worker, met men of strange new ideas and, as the monk put it, was "exposed for the first time to the big world." Often the old faith was weakened or maintained only in form.

The roar of three huge trucks, each loaded with five new automobiles from the factory, interrupted our talk. They were part of that larger avalanche which the Faith must meet and guide.

"Of course," the monk said, "the impact of things is very great when a society is in this sudden change. The Church may lose in numbers. But numbers are not everything. Quebec is being educated and we are gaining in quality."

This saintly little man added what was to me a striking piece of information from such a source: "You Protestants imagine that the Church is a monolith, a single thing, inflexible. How absurd! What a caricature! It is single only in a few basic doctrines. Once or twice in a century, perhaps, the Pope pronounces certain fundamentals. Apart from the articles of faith, we think as we please. Do you know that some of the most radical social thinking in Quebec today—that is, radical only by the old standards—is in the Church, in Laval University especially?"

"No, my friend, the Church is not monolithic. It is full of conflicting thoughts. Why, there's more difference between me and, say, a Jesuit, in all things but the Faith than there is between a Methodist and a Christian Scientist. And never forget this or you will never understand Quebec. The Church, too, is changing, not in the Faith, of course, but in everything else. It has always grown with society. That's why it remains so strong."

I left the monastery and gave a lift to a university student of mechanical engineering. He apologized for his bad English but he hoped to master the language, he said, and practice out west. The English, he said, were far

abler than his people in industry and far more venturesome in enterprise. He must acquire the English ways to get on.

Supposing that any French-Canadian boy would learn these things at his mother's knee, I asked him what he knew of Papineau, Cartier and Riel. He said he had heard those names in school but couldn't remember much about them. He had been too busy studying mechanics. This answer astounded me. It shattered another legend, the legend of a French race brooding day and night on ancient

wrongs and triumphs. When will western Canadians stop thinking of these people as all one and all obsessed only with racial memories?

Several hundred miles of roads, rivers, towns, villages and mountain forest brought us at last to the meeting place of two great rivers. One hot evening we saw the final autograph of the revolution scrawled across the sky by the smoke and myriad lights of Montreal.

How fertile was that "grain of mustard seed" planted here by Maisonneuve when he founded, within a

flimsy stockade, his Ville Marie, dedicated to the Virgin! And how quickly Montreal lost her own virginity!

An ageless trollop with a heart of gold, this city has been called—always a mistress, never a wife—or a metropolitan wen and parasitic growth forever swelling across its island and ravaging through the farm lands on the river's banks. Names and adjectives all wither in this colossal presence. It is simply Montreal, a civilization, a state of mind and the only true city in Canada, beside which all others, however large, are only grown-up

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towns, or camps of steel and concrete.

Yes, a city, not by the mere measurement of size but by the measurement of time, wealth and diversity, with a city's violent clash of slum and mansion, its rich men of secret power in mahogany board rooms, its middle class in endless miles of ugly houses, its proletariat swarming through the unspeakable rabbit warrens of the east end, but all this amorphous jumble somehow welded together in a single organism. That is Montreal, and its very name sounds like the thunder of its streets, the gurgle of its two rivers.

Here is an island, joined to the mainland by many bridges and yet forever an island in the life of Canada, separate and alone.

That life flows past and washes the island but cannot erode it. So it has flowed in furious current through the nation's jugular since 1642 and from the flood Montreal takes what it wants, at pleasure. As it once transmuted fur into French coin, it now transmutes the toil of unknown men throughout the hinterland into the products of its factories and counting houses, into its wealth or poverty.

Montreal, the sleek entrepreneur and greedy broker of our economy, is riddled, they say, with vice and crime. It is continually reforming and always unreformed. Maybe so, but most of its inhabitants, far more than a million people, have never entered a night club, met *les filles* or made a dishonest dollar.

In short, with all its virtues and vices, all its shocking contrast of money and destitution, all its legendary, fable and fact, this is the heart of Quebec's revolution, the metropolis of a metropolitan age.

In Montreal I was pursuing a certain quarry. The pursuit carried me into some strange places—a French-Canadian house of wealth heaped up and bursting with bric-à-brac, bronze busts and swollen furniture of unimaginable horror; Henri Bourassa's dingy office at the newspaper *Le Devoir*, in which soft-spoken journalists wrote their corrosive editorials in his acid ink; an English club filled with smooth, disarming, dark-clothed men whose word would set other men blasting mountains, clearing forests, boring oil wells and building railways in the wilderness; a street corner where the gargoyle face of former mayor Camillien Houde was contorted by sudden earthquake and the hypnotic eyes burned in a civic pride undimmed by years of the wartime imprisonment that mellowed his mind and reduced his weight by a hundred pounds; strange holes and corners inhabited by scribblers, poets, artists, agitators and passionate reformers, all breaking their hearts and heads against the unbreakable walls and canyons of the city.

After long search, I found what I was looking for in a night club.

Roger Lemelin, the authentic interpreter of his race, was giving a party for the television actors of *La Famille Plouffe*. Half a dozen men and women ate snails and drank wine with evident melancholy at the end of their winter season. But Lemelin himself was not melancholy. He said he was not melancholy enough for his own good.

This remarkable person of large body, rough-hewn face and burning eyes, lifted his voice above the din of the night club and, speaking in the flawless English that he mastered in six months of study, hurled at me a large chunk of his personal creed.

"I am," he bawled, "a great beast! You understand—a beast! I am an adolescent! Life is suffering and when I have suffered, then I will be a man!"

What of his people, the real people of Quebec who, on Lemelin's pages, shed

their peasant mask and emerge in urban reality?

"The people!" he cried. "Yes, the people! I will tell you what is wrong with your English concept of the Quebec people. You hear of the people in terms of politics only—false terms, always. What you need, what you don't get, is Quebec in human terms. I try to paint it in those terms but the traffic is all one way. No one paints the rest of Canada for us in human terms. Why is that?"

Perhaps, I thought, because English-speaking Canada has no Lemelin, but I did not venture to answer his question and interrupt his verdict.

Engorging a snail, he went on: "The politicians only divide us. The people unite—always. Nothing can stop that union in the end. Quebec, you see, is the life of the parish, enlarged to



MACLEAN'S

the parish of the province, but no further—yet. But there is no real hate here for English Canada, as you imagine, only synthetic hate invented and exploited by the politicians in both places. That will pass."

Another snail and then: "Make no mistake, the great movement is what you call centripetal, not centrifugal. The streams all flow together and all the politics are only chips on the surface. Nothing can stop the main current. Why?" He glared at me and answered himself: "Because all of us are only people, that's why."

I walked away through the hushed streets as the first light glinted on the river, the great electric cross grew dim on Cartier's Mount Royal and the jagged silhouette of Montreal turned black against the dawn.

This public philosophy of Lemelin, what did it mean? What was it worth? What, after all—for I knew I had seen only the thin surface of it so far—was really happening to the life of Lemelin's people? It was too big a question to be answered here, probably too big to be answered at all.

Still, an essential fragment of the answer, I suspected, lay on a country road, in a sleepy village not far off. I decided to follow that road to the ancestral home of the greatest French Canadian and then to Quebec City, the spiritual home of his race. ★

NEXT ISSUE

Bruce Hutchison
rediscovers
**POLITICAL
QUEBEC**

Canada's biggest landlords

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

when Principal Investments acquired a controlling interest in eighty-nine-year-old Fairweather Co., which then owned one Toronto department store. Under David Bennett's guidance, Fairweather will next year open its twentieth branch.

The mainspring of Principal Investments is round and restless Archie B. Bennett, described by friends as a thwarted philosophy professor. "I have never," he boasts, "furnished my picture to any newspaper. What we do is our business. We have no interest in feeding the curious." The Bennetts view personal publicity with fierce distaste. They are not mentioned in Principal Investments' press releases, their names don't appear in any standard reference book and, until recently, they prohibited signs identifying their company on any of their construction sites.

Three years ago the Bennetts spent so long debating which of them would say, "I hereby declare this shopping centre open," when their Lawrence Plaza centre was nearing completion, that by the time Archie Bennett had been conscripted, the centre was already a month in business, and another centre was waiting for the opening ceremony. The brothers often watch their opening-day festivities from shopping centre parking lots, jostled by the crowds, while local dignitaries occupy the stage.

Few of the reporters who come to interview Archie Bennett, only to have to squirm through his tirades about why he will not have his picture taken or why under no circumstances will he talk about his personal life, realize that he is one of the most popular Jewish columnists in Canada. Twice a month he writes a two-thousand-word essay. Between *Ourselves*, for a Toronto magazine, the *Jewish Standard*. Editor Julius Hayman recounts approvingly: "Although A. B. Bennett is undoubtedly Canada's richest columnist, he has never missed a deadline."

The column is a whimsical comment on the role of the Jew in modern Canada. And in case you don't believe rent collectors can sound poetic, here's a sample from Canada's richest landlord, describing a Muskoka sunset: "... I observed the pure monotony of the sky's grey, suspended like a dome over the circular fringes of trees... dusk was falling rapidly, oozing from myriad invisible pores in the atmosphere."

While they remain in the background, the shy Archie Bennett and his even shyer brothers sponsor promotions that lean heavily on showmanship. Their shopping centre opening-day payroll usually includes "Daredevil Johnny" and his "Slide for Life," a clown band and a trained animal circus. Last December the Bennetts dispatched a resident Santa Claus to each of their centres by helicopter. To guide Santa to their Golden Mile Plaza in Scarborough, a Toronto suburb, a four-thousand-dollar Christmas tree was erected—ten feet taller than the so-called sixty-foot "world's largest" at New York's Rockefeller Center. Last December 3 Santa hovered over the Bennetts' fogged-in Kitchener shopping centre for twenty minutes, looking for a cloud break through which to land. He finally arrived, two hours late, by car. All his chuckles couldn't placate the disappointed crowd. The landing had to be restaged the following week end.

Such stunts help the Bennetts gain

acceptance for the shopping centre concept, an idea so new that its definition has not yet appeared in any dictionary, yet as old as the Roman market place. Briefly, a shopping centre is a group of stores, in any kind of cluster or strip, which jointly promote themselves. The Bennetts insist that only fully integrated, deliberately conceived shopping facilities should qualify. "If properly planned," says Archie Bennett, "the shopping centre offers, for the first time, shopping amid pleasant interior and exterior surroundings."

The brothers, who take their projects anything but lightly, regard their shopping centres almost as semi-sacred institutions materially aiding, among other things, to reduce Canada's divorce rate. "We're helping to keep families together," Archie Bennett claims quite seriously, "by making it attractive for them to go shopping together. Husbands can see how the family budget is spent. That saves a lot of arguments." A recent Lawrence Plaza survey showed only thirteen percent of the incoming cars contained solo shoppers.

The Bennetts believe their centres are succeeding simply because the average Canadian woman enjoys shopping. The philosophical A. B. Bennett puts it this way, "Shopping is an exercise in the expanse of living, which carries with it a sense of participation in the social process of civilized economy." Principal Investments capitalizes on such feelings, he says, because at its centres "the conditions surrounding the rite of shopping are conducive to this mood of pleasurable self-expression."

Freely translated, Archie's musings mean the Bennetts have discovered that the average housewife's sensitivity to her shopping surroundings has a direct bearing on how much money she spends. Down to the last detail—the precise leverage required to open store doors—the brothers design and operate their shopping centres to dazzle the shopper into a carefree spending mood.

That means stores with full-view, chrome-trimmed glass fronts—a feeling of light and color that the Bennetts call "disciplined brightness." To blend the outlook of clerks and customers, the Bennetts encourage their tenants to recruit sales help from the centre's surrounding housing developments. In many stores sales personnel are instructed to keep up-to-date with community gossip. The Bennetts pipe music into every centre for ten hours a day, "just loud enough to be heard, soft enough to hum to." The music is interrupted only for calls to locate parents of lost children.

Principal Investments carefully preserves the shopper's opportunity "to discover a bargain." The Bennetts make sure that every centre has more than one outlet for most types of merchandise. Barbershops and drug stores are the main exceptions. Most centres even have branches of more than one bank. Many have two supermarkets. "We don't want the housewife to feel that, by coming to our centres, she is being forced to buy any one kind of merchandise," says Archie Bennett.

While few tenants have a monopoly, each is protected from too much competition. No Bennett centre is likely to ever find itself in the same mess as Europe's first shopping centre, the Lijnbaan (pronounced Line-bahn) at Rotterdam, Holland, which placed no restrictions on tenants, and now has seven shoe stores.

The Bennetts are trying to make their shopping centres more than centres for shopping, by sponsoring square dances, band concerts and church services. At Lawrence Plaza in the Toronto area the Rev. Gordon C.

Hunter of the nearby Asbury and West United Church has held Sunday evening drive-in services for the last two summers. The centre's stores helped by advertising: "Worship in God's outdoors . . . drive into His presence." Many worshippers come in their gardening clothes. "We have had as many as eight hundred cars at some of our services," says Hunter.

The brothers sometimes get carried away in discussing their shopping centres. "When their potentialities are fully realized," the studious Archie Bennett predicts, "our shopping centres

will become community centres in the fuller sense of the term, providing full-ranged shopping facilities co-extensive with the vast reaches of our civilization, suffused with the glow and beauty of the social spirit and cultural essence of our nation."

Their hope of making shopping centres fill a social vacuum is most likely to be realized first at the Bennetts' first dreadnought-class centre, now rising on the western outskirts of Oshawa. This is being built around a two-million-dollar department store of the T. Eaton Co. (this firm's first venture

into the suburbs). The ten-million-dollar Oshawa centre will have three selling levels, connected by double escalators. Store deliveries will be carried along an underground truck concourse. The centre's fifty-three acres will be divided among sixty stores (selling yachts, among other things), a theatre, a supervised nursery, a banquet hall, and a parking lot for four thousand cars. Loblaws will put in a thirty-three-thousand-square-foot groceteria, the largest in its chain, and may equip shopping carts with guide maps.

Only Archie and David Bennett at-

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tended the Oshawa centre's sod-turning last summer. They posed unhappily with silver-plated shovels, while Jacob Bennett was still frantically leafing through files at the Oshawa City Hall, completing his search for title to the centre's property. But next fall it's doubtful if even the elusive Bennetts will stay away from the centre's opening ceremonies, for an essential part of the brothers' philosophy is to open each centre with all the fuss of a Hollywood premiere. "A hullabaloo opening provides a centre's stores with a six months' head start," says Bert Wilkes, a former movie press agent, who plans the promotional hurricanes that inaugurate every Bennett shopping centre. Wilkes works a twelve-hour day, stirring up hoopla across the country. His openings, which cost an average of twenty-five thousand dollars each, have added zest, if not art, to the annals of Canadian showmanship. "As long as they're having a good time," he says, "we know they're buying."

Unlike other promoters, the Bennetts don't rely on just giving things away (although they do hand out at least three cars, two refrigerators and half a dozen chesterfields at every opening). Wilkes has gathered a regular opening-day carnival troupe. His most garish production was the October 1953, opening of Toronto's Lawrence Plaza, a forty-store, five-million-dollar centre which is eventually expected to sell goods worth twenty million dollars a year. Models dressed as clowns, matadors and drum majorettes distributed twenty thousand copies of a special "Lawrence Plaza section" of the Toronto Telegram to homes in the district surrounding the centre. Free transportation for carless shoppers was provided by banner-decked buses. The official opening ceremony began with a marchpast by the 48th Highlanders' pipe band. When the speeches were over, housewives rushed into the Loblaw store for three thousand pounds of free coffee and a thousand jars of free peanut butter. Four clowns cavorted through the crowd, handing out ten thousand Life-saver rolls; men dressed as peanuts danced frenetically around a sound truck; models distributed free candy and balloons; and yelling children crowded into miniature boats, cars and other free rides. Frantic parents finally had to beg the operator of a miniature roller coaster to put a price on the rides, so they could get their children home. The Bennetts reluctantly agreed to charge seven cents a ride.

The circus tempo continued for three days, and it was climaxed each night by a square dance and fireworks. At noon of the final "opening day," there was a dog show. To qualify, each yapping contestant had to be accompanied by a youngster. Later, the children moved over to one end of the parking lot to watch two magicians and a ventriloquist, while their parents concentrated on a draw for a new Ford, an automatic washer and a chesterfield suite. Three of the centre's haggard but happy merchants had to lock their doors at noon of the third day—they didn't have a thing left to sell.

Each of the Bennetts' shopping centres spends about thirty-five thousand dollars a year on special promotions. Principal Investments pays a quarter of the bill and the centre's tenants divide up the balance according to their sales space.

Probably the most impressed visitors at the Bennett openings are sober-faced downtown merchants who recognize the new suburban centres as a serious business threat. In the U. S., where two thousand centres are now operating, mid-city retailers are fighting hard to recapture fading markets.

Even Charlotte Whitton's wrath didn't make the Bennett brothers back down

One desperate Toledo, Ohio, merchant, cramped for space on three sides, built a floating parking lot extending ninety feet out onto the Maumee River. In Wilmington, Del., many shoppers park on the city's perimeter and are brought to downtown stores, free of charge, in taxis.

"When downtown was first developed," says Archie Bennett, "it was compact, easily reached by public transportation. Now it's stretched out, and parking is difficult. It can't expect to get the same proportion of business. But there will always be a market for downtown shopping," he adds hastily.

There is good reason for his attitude toward the shopping centres' rivals: the Bennetts have as much property downtown as in the suburbs. One of this country's richest mid-town shopping blocks—Toronto's Bloor Street, between Yonge and Bay Streets—was developed from an indifferent artery into Canada's "Mink Mile" largely by the Bennett brothers, who rebuilt and own most of its stores, including shops occupied by Creeds, Morgan's, Birks, Woolworth's and Zeller's.

In spite of their mid-city holdings, the Bennetts are now concentrating on expansion in the suburbs. Principal Investments' four-million-dollar Golden Mile Plaza, in Scarborough, Archie Bennett points out, faces a forty-store centre built by Monarch Mortgage & Investment Ltd. Business at both centres is exceeding predicted totals. Near Port Credit, the Bennetts put up a thirty-five store centre opposite a smaller centre built by G. S. Shipp & Son Ltd. "It's all to the good," says Archie. "The two centres will draw more people than one, and that will help us more than it will help Shipp."

Trouble at Billings Bridge

Canada's first shopping centre war will likely flare up in Quebec. The Bennetts already control two centres in the Montreal area and are planning others in Quebec City and Three Rivers. But Quebec province is the domain of the Steinberg brothers. Last fall Steinberg's Ltd. formed Ivanhoe Corp., a new subsidiary, "to exploit shopping centre possibilities in Quebec and Ontario."

Meanwhile, the Bennett brothers have already sent teams of statisticians into almost every population concentration in Canada, to search for under-served suburbs. Each such area has been designated as a potential Bennett shopping centre site.

In December 1952, for example, the Bennetts decided to investigate the rapidly expanding southwestern Ontario community of Kitchener. Fourteen months later Principal Investments' construction crews moved in, and last August a two-million-dollar shopping centre went into operation there. That fourteen months of research were necessary to persuade the Bennetts to go ahead on the project illustrates how carefully the brothers plan.

Even so, they sometimes run into local problems—like closing-hour trouble at their Billings Bridge Plaza in south Ottawa. The plaza remains open until 9 p.m. on Thursdays and Fridays. An old city bylaw rules that all shops—with the exception of grocery stores—must close at six; grocery stores must close at seven. The case is now before the Ontario Supreme Court. Outspoken Mayor Charlotte

Whitton, of Ottawa, has declared that "the entire authority of the city has been defied. We will lay police charges to the legal limit open to us." Many downtown retailers back Mayor Whitton in opposing night openings. They argue that longer hours spread out, rather than increase, business. "Night shopping is a backward step and not really necessary," the Toronto branch of the Retail Merchants Association of Canada resolved recently.

Because such policy decisions as night openings are reached by mutual consent with the majority of each centre's tenants, the Bennetts may have trouble putting into effect a proposed policy of keeping centres open from noon to 9 p.m., six days a week. "That kind of week might mean higher sales for us and more rent for the Bennetts," a Toronto shopping centre tenant admits, "but, like everyone else, we like to spend at least a few evenings at home with our families." An associate of the ambitious brothers estimates their shopping centre income might increase as much as twenty per cent with six-nights-a-week shopping.

The Bennetts refuse to discuss their income, and Principal Investments is only one of several private holding companies they control. The others are: Principal Shopping Centres Ltd., Lawrence Manor Investments Ltd. and Bennett Specialty Construction Co. But one Toronto real-estate executive calculates that profits from shopping centre operations alone should gross the Bennetts at least four million dollars this year.

Multimillionaires or not, the Bennett brothers work hard and relax quietly. "The main effect of their success has been to make them old before their time," says an associate. But after three years of working with them, he says he has yet to see one of the brothers angry or short-tempered.

They arrive in their roomy but not luxurious beige-carpeted offices around 9.30 a.m. (usually within ten minutes of each other), and work until nearly 7 p.m. Lunch in a downstairs restaurant is a hurried affair, usually doubling as a business conference. For after-supper relaxation, the brothers often drive out together to one of their Toronto shopping centres to mingle with customers and overhear complaints.

The brothers' desks are crowded with unfinished paper work. They hate signing letters. When the work load gets particularly heavy, they'll wander into one another's office, tell jokes or discuss the books they're reading. Each works in semidarkness under a dimmed battery of modernistic light fixtures. David drives a 1954 Cadillac, Jacob and Archie own Buicks. When Jacob turned in his 1951 car last year, the speedometer registered only twelve thousand miles.

The triumvirate's functions are split up, so that if David (the pusher) gets an idea he can discuss it with Jacob (the evaluator), who weighs its possibilities and passes it on to Archie (the executor), who puts it into action. In a memo-ridden city, their management approach is unusually direct—if they need any data, they simply pick up the phone and ask for an oral report.

The Bennetts not only have similar habits, they look the same. A stocky five foot six or seven, they're impeccable dressers, favoring well-cut double-breasted suits (grey or brown) and conservative ties. They wear similar horn-rimmed glasses, are all gruff-

voiced and unanimously manoeuvre to avoid personal publicity of any kind.

Only the company's senior executives know that sixty-year-old Jacob M. Bennett, the youngest of the brothers, is president of Principal Investments Ltd. A 1919 graduate of Toronto's Osgoode Hall and a Queen's Counsel, he had his own practice until 1932, when taking care of Bennett legal problems became a full-time job. Outside counsel now help him keep track of the company's intricate dealings. He lives in a fortress-like North Toronto home with his wife, the former Beatrice Robinson, a concert pianist, and their two teen-age children. He says his only hobbies are reading and golf—interests he shares with his brother David. But one of the pair's golfing partners complains that the game is "just their method of getting a man alone so that they can talk business with him."

David Bennett is secretary-treasurer of Principal Investments. He is a sixty-two-year-old bachelor, of whom a friend says, "D. E. is all business. Monetary gains are of secondary interest to him, but he never lets go of anything until it works out." He lives with brother Archie in a large house in Toronto's fashionable Forest Hill Village.

Guiding force of Principal Investments is sixty-five-year-old Archie Bennett, listed only as a director. A 1914 graduate of Queen's University's honor English literature and philosophy course, he feels equally at ease juggling second mortgages or discussing philosophical definitions of the absolute. At Queen's he was awarded the Governor-General's Gold Medal for Philosophy. "It's just a piece of metal," he now says. Dr. John Watson, a leading Scottish philosopher, who was then lecturing at Queen's, so deeply impressed young Archie that he still keeps notes of Watson's lectures in his bedside table for night reading.

Every Sunday evening the eldest Bennett and his wife Sophie, a McGill graduate, turn their living room into a philosophy forum, with intellectuals of every faith and many nationalities participating in sometimes-heated discussions. A. B.'s favorite philosopher is the pessimistic German, Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel.

He shares his love for philosophical insolubles with—of all things—baseball. He rents a private front-row box at Toronto's Maple Leaf Stadium and never misses a game. Last summer he made a special trip to the baseball museum at Cooperstown, N.Y., to see the induction of a newly elected batch of baseball greats. "Mine was the joy of meeting and shaking hands with Cy Young—the original Cy Young!" he wrote home. "Baseball is a form of release with him," says J. Alex Edmison QC, assistant to the principal of Queen's University and a close friend. Archie Bennett is a patron of Queen's and keeps up active contacts with most of the university's philosophy professors. One of the Canadian Jewish community's leading intellectuals, he is also among its most generous benefactors. He founded the Canadian Jewish Congress in 1925 and was one of the first active Zionists in Canada. He contributes large amounts to the Weizmann Scientific Institute of Israel.

It is only comparatively recently that the Bennetts have been able to afford philanthropy of any kind. In 1912 the family moved from Kingston, where the Bennetts' father had a small lumber yard, into a two-story house in Toronto's not-too-prosperous Keele and Dundas district. Their father started a minor construction firm. During the next twenty years the brothers worked hard, but they achieved little

as house builders. Under their father's direction the business gradually shifted away from residential construction and into commercial real estate. Principal Investments was formed on July 4, 1932, its profits at first based on the slim margin between buying a shabby office building, hiring a contractor to modernize it, then renting space at higher rates.

During the Depression few chain store owners wanted to tie up capital in new buildings. Why not, the Bennetts thought, take over the real estate side of chain store operations—select

and buy a location, build a store and rent it to the chain? They studied the merchandising methods of the expanding Woolworth chain and drafted a new store layout. Woolworth's management carefully nibbled at the proposition with an experimental one-store contract. (The Bennetts have since built seventy-one Woolworth stores.)

Principal Investments gradually enlisted other firms for its sales-lease system and, by 1939, its tenants included the majority of Canadian chain store operators. Then in 1946 the brothers abruptly changed their policy.

"There is no value in building one or two stores any more," Archie Bennett decided. Instead, Principal Investments began developing half-a-million-dollar shopping blocks in downtown and uptown locations across Canada. Each shopping block included at least half a dozen chain store branches. Many of these developments now compete with Bennett-owned shopping centres on the outskirts of the same cities.

Despite their stepped-up retail store construction activities, the Bennetts also continued their original function

Collector's Items

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created by Bulcoto, Italy 1854

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by Howell of Bristol, England 1867

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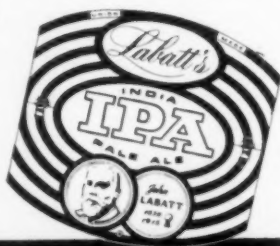


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THE SWING IS DEFINITELY TO
LABATT'S

of modernizing old office buildings. One of their most unusual conversion jobs was the million-dollar transformation of the Alexandra Palace—an old apartment hotel on Toronto's University Avenue—into a swank office building. When the Bennetts purchased the hotel, they found they had acquired, among other things, three hundred beds. So they held Canada's largest furniture auction sale. It was also one of the funniest. When two quarrelling boardinghouse proprietors bid one of the cots to a ridiculously high price, auctioneer Lee Wallace abruptly stopped the price climb when he reminded one of them: "Madam, I don't go with this bed, you know."

Principal Investments' first shopping centre resulted from Archie Bennett's 1951 trip to Israel. He stopped off in Italy to see the ruins of the world's first shopping centres—the *fora* where the Romans transacted their legal, cultural, and mercantile dealings. Archie returned with the idea of building in Canada counterparts of the *fora*, with booths allotted to tenants who best fitted the pattern of modern suburbia.

The Bennetts' timing could not have been better. The exodus of Canada's suburbs had been curbed, first by the Depression, then by wartime building restrictions. According to the 1951 census, the population of Canadian urban areas had increased twenty-seven percent since 1941, but sixty-eight percent of the new residents had moved into the suburbs. New shopping facilities had to be provided. Shopping centres, the Bennetts decided, were the answer.

In the late winter of 1952, without diminishing their other activities, the Bennetts began building Sunnybrook Plaza in the Toronto suburb of Leaside. Although it was Toronto's first shopping centre, the Bennetts called it a "commercial area." The contacts they had built up with national chains helped rent the space. "But at first tenants were most reluctant," Archie recalls.

Their first centre taught the Bennetts an important lesson. Its two-hundred-car parking lot turned out to be hopelessly small, with a resulting cut into the stores' sales. In Principal Investments' new centres, parking lots provide room for a hundred and fifty cars for every one million dollars of annual business expected. The lots are roughly equal to four times each centres' sales space. After shopping hours there is always at least one car weaving around the Bennetts' parking lots. Husbands have found the deserts of concrete an ideal spot for teaching wives to drive.

The after-hours visitors to Principal Investments' centres often meet a slim, intense young man who asks them for suggestions on how to improve the centre's services. This is Avie J. Bennett, the twenty-eight-year-old son of Archie Bennett and Principal Investments' chief heir apparent.

The Bennett line of succession seems secure enough. When Avie Bennett drove from Toronto to Hamilton for the opening of a new Principal Investments shopping centre with his three-year-old son Paul, they passed the construction site of another new Bennett centre at Dixie Road. "That's our new Dixie Plaza," Avie pointed out to his son. "Oh, are you gonna give away Dixie cups?" asked the youngster. Sensing a natural promotion gimmick, Avie has ordered one hundred thousand Dixie cups for the centre's opening ceremony later this month. They'll be filled with vanilla ice cream and handed out to the centre's new patrons as they square dance into the winter night, celebrating the latest addition to the growing empire of the Bennetts. ★

London letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

time that Attlee would attend the annual conference as leader of the party. He had had a partial stroke, he was tired and wanted to go. That was not merely common gossip but an accepted fact.

But the puzzling thing was that Attlee was not behaving at all like an emperor about to divest himself of the royal robes. He attended each day's conference and remained on the platform from the beginning to the end. In addition, he turned up at every social function and was still on the dance floor when the orchestra played God Save the Queen.

No wonder Herbert Morrison, as the ageing crown prince, looked puzzled. He may not have expected Attlee to announce his resignation during the conference but there would certainly be some public hint that the moment of decision was close at hand.

But Attlee just went on dancing by night and doodling by day. No wonder Morrison's famous cockatoo hairdo began to wilt. As for Nye Bevan, he looked like Napoleon wondering how he could avoid Waterloo. Everything had gone wrong for the brilliant unpredictable Welshman.

So the seaside conference came to an end with no announcement of any kind by Attlee. Obviously, he had decided that the moment had not yet come to make way for the Young Pretender.

They roared for the kill

As so often happens, fate played into the hands of the man of destiny. No sooner had parliament resumed than Chancellor Butler brought in his emergency supplementary budget. It was only a matter of weeks since he had produced the normal annual budget, which preceded the general election in June.

The emergency measures now introduced would mean a long drawn-out debate over two or three weeks, with Gaitskell (as the last socialist chancellor) playing the leading role for the Opposition.

And what a target Butler presented! A political novice could not fail to score against him—and Gaitskell is no beginner. Without mercy, he denounced the chancellor as a political swindler who brought in a pre-election vote-catching budget with the full support and connivance of Prime Minister Eden. Everything was for the best in the best of all countries. Vote Conservative, ladies and gentlemen, and then go for your holidays on the continent with your increased allowance of foreign currency.

Over and over again Gaitskell attacked the chancellor in terms of withering contempt. The socialist ranks behind him roared their approval and shouted for the kill.

It was no secret that Attlee had finally realized that the moment was at hand when he could safely resign. There was only one danger. As deputy leader, Herbert Morrison was to open the third day of the debate. Would he do it so well that the party might rally to him once again, as it had done so often in the past?

The House was packed when Morrison rose on the fateful day, nor was there lacking a friendly cheer from his party. Gaitskell, sitting on the front bench, was all smiles except for his eyes. Perhaps they were gazing at a receding crown.

Now for the painful truth—and it gives me no pleasure to set down these words. I have never attended a bull-

fight but it could not be more cruel than what we saw that day in the Commons.

Almost at once we knew that something had gone wrong. Morrison had opened with some pleasantries but they fizzled out like damp squibs. The wit did not come. His jokes fell flat. Realizing that things were going wrong, he tried to whip himself into a state of moral indignation about the villainies of the budget, and even Butler laughed.

Worse still, his own supporters began to laugh. For the first time in twenty years of parliamentary life, I saw this clever likeable socialist leader unable to pull himself together. He would take up his notes and read them in silence, as though they were in an unknown foreign language.

At last he put them aside and called upon the hinterland of his mind to produce something—anything. But nothing came except trite phrases and woolly platitudes.

Normally, the Conservatives would have been considerate but, after the pummeling Butler and the government had received, they were in no mood for tolerance. Instead they shouted ironically, "Give him a cheer! He's doing his best." But Morrison was beyond rescue. When he sat down at the end of his speech he must have known that he had eliminated himself for ever from the party leadership to which he had such strong claims.

Rab Butler rose to reply. There, opposite him, was the weary bull, waiting for the final thrust.

"Mr. Speaker," said Butler suavely, "we have just listened to a thoughtful speech." The roar of laughter from both sides was more deadly than booing would have been. Morrison stared into the distance with his one good eye, as if he had come to the end of a long, long journey.

But there was one man who did not join in the noisy scene. Aneurin Bevan was thinking fast. Perhaps beyond the shouts and laughter of the MPs he could hear the witches around the cauldron shrieking, "Hail Bevan, leader of the socialist party and prime minister of Great Britain." It had happened to Macbeth and why not to him?

He had already played a cunning card by offering to stand down for Morrison if Gaitskell would do the same. It is true that Gaitskell refused, and it was equally true that Bevan had been ridiculed as a clumsy trickster. But, again like Macbeth, the Welshman was muttering, "Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow."

The wily Welshman waited

When the Labor Party met, of course, Gaitskell won the day. It was, in fact, a foregone conclusion. But seventy MPs voted for Bevan and forty for Morrison. Here was a potential resistance force. One hundred and ten MPs had declared, in secret ballot, that they would prefer Bevan or Morrison to Gaitskell.

Would Gaitskell wear the crown easily or would its weight bear heavily upon his temples? The wily Welshman had forced the issue and was content to wait.

Meanwhile, that great little man, Clement Attlee, had accepted an earldom as Stanley Baldwin did when he resigned from the Commons. It seemed strangely out of place for Attlee, who had devoted his life to improving the lot of the underprivileged, and he must have recalled with some embarrassment that Ramsay MacDonald in similar circumstances refused to accept a peerage.

But since we have no elected senate in Britain, and because the Labor

Party has only a tiny representation in the upper house, I think it was an act of courage on Attlee's part. No one will be surprised if Attlee, as leader of the Opposition in the Lords, uses his influence to make the chamber more representative than it is now.

But, since this London Letter has been based upon the spectacular rise of Hugh Gaitskell, it might seem less than courteous if we did not draw a picture of what he is like as a politician and a personality.

He is young in years to have achieved so high a position in British politics, being only forty-nine. In fact, he did not enter parliament until the socialist sweep in 1945, when a grateful electorate threw Churchill and his war-winning administrators into the discard.

Tears at awkward moments

As a boy Gaitskell went to one of the best public schools, which means that he was a boarder at an expensive private school. His family were Liberals but, as that once great party dwindled into impotence, the idealistic, sentimental Gaitskell was drawn towards the socialists.

Like Clement Attlee, he had been brought up in a comfortable home and went to the same University as Attlee. But, again like Attlee, he was drawn towards the party that was determined to bring about a greater measure of equality between the classes and the masses.

A cynic might say that he chose the Labor Party because the opportunities for talent were greater than in the Conservative Party, which is always crowded with public-school men. Personally, I do not believe that Gaitskell is a cynic. On the contrary, he is a sentimentalist who has been known to burst into tears at most awkward moments. And before you throw up your hands at such a portrait, let me remind you that in the vibrant sixteenth century it was common practice for men to weep when their emotions were roused by war or beauty. Churchill's eyes often fill with tears at a dramatic moment, and therefore Gaitskell can claim that he is in the great tradition.

Three times I had the experience of dining with him when we were jointly engaged to answer questions on the Far East radio service of the BBC. The question master would solemnly read out some such words as, "Mr. Wung Foo of Sing Wu asks the panel for their opinion on whether socialism is the enemy of communism or of capitalism." Then, for the enlightenment of Mr. Wung Foo, we would air our opinions until the next question came up.

On the third occasion I asked Gaitskell why he bothered doing this kind of thing. He answered, "I get a good meal and a fee of fifteen pounds."

The socialists at that time were in Opposition and Gaitskell had only his meagre pay as an MP. He could have quite properly accepted directorships from financial houses, but he chose the hard way and, as a future Labor leader, the wise way.

The next general election is far off but Gaitskell's years of glory have begun. He will harry and harass the Conservative government, which is as it should be, but will he feel the hot breath of Aneurin Bevan on his neck?

At any rate, next year's Labor seaside conference will be something—and how! Nye Bevan has not written finis to his own political career, and remember that he has seventy followers, which is more than Brutus and his co-conspirators had when they decided to send Caesar to heaven or to hell. ★

a frank talk to Single Women

by

DR. MARION HILLIARD

*Chief of the Service of Obstetrics & Gynecology,
Woman's College Hospital, Canada*

It's only natural for every woman to want love and children of her own. Unless she is married, however, society says that such a thing is out of the question. "But how am I to subdue my emotions?", queries the single woman. "Must I always be lonely and frustrated?" "Is it really possible to renounce motherhood?" "And where will I find security and a sense of achievement?" For the answers to these—and many other questions vitally affecting unmarried women—read Dr. Hilliard's latest article in her exclusive series for *Chatelaine*.

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Mailbag

A furore over our fiction

There must be many of your readers who, like me, were beguiled by the fine illustrations into reading the morbidly grotesque, sly and contemptuous story, *The Only Sensible Thing To Do* (Dec. 10).

Would you like to know how it affected me, one of your readers? It was read before going to sleep and I had a dream. It was of a young lady I know who in the dream gave birth to a Mongoloid child . . . I realize that this reaction was extreme, but can anyone delight in such possibilities? . . . I want to ask you why you encourage such contemptuous attitudes in writers by accepting such obscene manuscripts as you do . . . —Ione Pedersen, Calgary.

● I conclude either: (a) the story was written by a precocious child to point an Awful Moral Lesson; or (b) it was written by a skillful writer as a subtle 1955-style burlesque on the "Elsie Dinsmore" horror stories of her last century youth; or (c) you people should have your heads examined. —E. A. Lucas, Vancouver.

● I read Heather Spears' story with much enjoyment. I liked it, principally, I suppose, because it evoked a deep pathos by means of a very plausible and believable series of well written, sensitively developed incidents. Then I read the last eight lines. Where there had been a beautiful story there was now only a foul obscenity . . . monstrous sacrilege! —A. M. Brockman, Montreal.

● The only sensible thing to have done would have been to return it to the author with the advice that the public is not pleased with trickery . . . Is there no way that editors can be persuaded that the great segment of the public is longing for beauty and peace and hope in the stories they are offered? —E. A. Pulling, London, Ont.

● Perhaps Heather Spears is not aware there is enough real-life suffering for animals without writing sadistic fabrications. —Mrs. Elsie T. Abram, Richmond Hill, Ont.

● I wish to protest in the strongest terms . . . Would you mind telling me why you did print it? —E. M. Sutherland, Ottawa.

Readers' reactions to Miss Spears' short story continue to be so spirited that we reprint this explanatory note from the Jan. 21 issue: *The story tried to say that humans often have little compunction in doing away with unwelcome animals; and that an extension of such a philosophy would see humans doing away with other humans—presumably for their own good.*

Somebody loves us

I guess I am one of your older subscribers. I don't think I have missed many copies. At eighty-three, I have a store of recollections of the old days. I remember remarks made when the magazine first came out, styled the "All-Canadian Magazine" — not its name but its claim. People said it will

not last, no room for it. What can they publish but farm news? Toronto Saturday Night has all the social news, and the American magazines have the field. But it did last. I for one took it and because it was a Canadian periodical; I guess others did for the same reason. To me Baxter and behind the scenes at Ottawa are a large part of its value, and the balance is good reading and interesting at all times. Some of your articles I object to very strongly but, as I am not your only reader, I allow that the other fellow may not have the same objection so why kick? . . . —A. M. Wastell, Telegraph Cove, B.C.

We forgot to duck

I have a great admiration for Franklin Arbuckle (Uranium City cover, Dec. 10) but . . . children don't throw snowballs at thirty below zero because it is impossible to pack the snow. —S. Burr, Whitehorse, Yukon.

● Sand packs better than snow at thirty below. —W. Harry Colclough, Vancouver.

● Try it sometime. —J. C. Foreman, North Bay, Ont.

● Are Arbuckle's urchins trying to kid us? . . . —F. M. Hackney, Rossland, B.C.

● Impossible . . . —O. Greibrok, Edmonton, Alta.

● . . . Artistic license, or just pure ignorance? —G. B. Harper, Haney, B.C.

Artistic license.

Bragging about the Grads

The article on the Edmonton Grads (Dec. 10) certainly brought back memories. As a former Edmontonian, I have been bragging about the Grads to anyone who would listen and to one who



had to listen, namely, my teen-age son. I'm sure they all thought I was exaggerating. My son read through the article and was amazed at their fabulous record . . . —Isla Doune Anderson, Fort Garry, Man.

Not all in harmony

After reading Joan Doty's article, *They'd Rather Sing Than Eat* (Dec. 10), I was impressed with the excellence of her work but disappointed in the memory of my association with the SPEBSQSA.

When Kingston's group was organized we hastened to join. We were

most disappointed when three applications were accepted and one turned down. The fourth had been submitted by a very personable young Negro from Windsor who, incidentally, graduated from Queen's with honors . . . Reluctantly the three accepted turned away from a society whose second name might be the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Racial Prejudice in America.

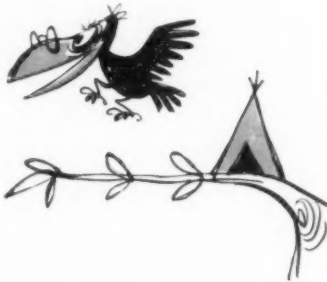
I dislike to think that this is still the case. Perhaps Miss Doty could quell my fears . . . —J. M. Soutter, Montreal.

Unfortunately, there is still a color bar in the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartet Singing in America (SPEBSQSA). Many members in the northern states and Canada resent the ban on Negroes but have never made an open demonstration against it. The editors and Miss Doty apologize for the omission of this significant fact in the Maclean's article.

● I must hasten to thank you and Joan Doty for a fine article on our society that catches the real spirit of our members . . . —Calmer Browy, Madison, Wis.

An even craftier crow

I want to praise the fine article by Franklin Russell, *They'll Never Kill Off The Crafty Crow* (Dec. 10) . . . The



most unforgettable crow I have met was at the Johnson No. 2 fish camp on Lac Seul in 1922. This crow was untangling the knots holding up my tent when I took a snapshot. To give me a chance for another shot I threw the bird a piece of deer meat, which he grabbed and flew up to a pine tree and gave the meat to a noisy red squirrel. Johnson said that they had been stuffing this crow with fish livers every day. —Duncan C. McArthur, White Rock, B.C. ★

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Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

the Communist bloc and sell no jot of German freedom for German unification, but Adenauer is eighty years old. Would his successor also stand firm? And even if he did, would the German people continue to stand with him?

At Paris in December the German foreign minister, Heinrich von Brentano, set most of these doubts at rest. Not only did Brentano make a deep impression personally—"A real Rhineland liberal with a lot of 1848 about him," one delegate remarked—but he was vehement and persuasive in his account of German public opinion.

"Our people know now," he said in effect, "who is responsible for keeping Germany divided. They know Soviet Russia refuses to let Germany unite on any terms short of slavery. They know now, since the second Geneva meeting, that even if we got out of NATO altogether it would not be enough. Nothing but slavery would do."

"So you can stop worrying about Germany standing firm. Our policy is absolutely clear and it's accepted—stand fast, give no recognition of any kind to the so-called government in East Germany, rearm as fast as we can so as to be strong. Unless we are strong we have no bargaining power at all with Russia, and unless we are free we can't be strong."

"Even the people of East Germany don't want us to give in. They want us to stay free. They'd rather see us free and themselves enslaved, than have us 'united' and all enslaved."

The West German government nurses a hope that eventually, if the Russians see there is no hope of detaching free Germany from the West, they may give up the struggle and allow the free elections which Germany and the West demand. These hopes strike other Western nations as a bit wishful, but it's conceded that the Russians might some day allow free elections in return for some stiff price, like final settlement of the Polish-Germany boundary.

Meanwhile, they're reasonably satis-

fied that Germany is a problem for Russia as well as for the West, and that there's no reason why we can't hold on as we have been holding. There may be nothing we can do to improve the situation from our point of view, but there's nothing the Russians can do either.

In other parts of the world, and especially in Asia, no such comfort exists. The things the communists can do to divide, embarrass and embroil the free nations are all too obvious.

In spite of the fact that nothing has happened there for nearly a year, the mess in the Formosa Strait has not been cleared up. Of all the potential trouble spots on the other side of the world, this is still the ugliest and the one with the gravest threat to the peace of the world.

A year ago Communist China was threatening forcible capture of the small coastal islands of Quemoy and Matsu, where Chiang Kai-shek has garrisons and air bases within sight of the Chinese mainland. Quietly and unofficially, the United States government passed the word that if Communist China would just keep quiet and stop uttering threats, the U. S. would have Chiang Kai-shek out of those island bases in a matter of months. The U. S. didn't want Chiang there any more than Communist China did, but could not and would not yield to threats of violence.

This word was duly passed along to Communist China. Whether for that reason or for some other, Communist China did in fact stop uttering threats. Dead silence has reigned in the Formosa Strait for approximately ten months.

What has been done to move Chiang out of these forward bases? Not a thing. So far as outsiders can observe, he has dug in deeper than ever there. And with an American presidential election coming up, the very idea of an action that would so divide the Republican Party has become preposterous.

Whether the Chinese Communists will wait indefinitely remains to be seen. But this is the gravest of many reasons why, among the allies of the United States, the Far East still looks like the worst danger area. ★

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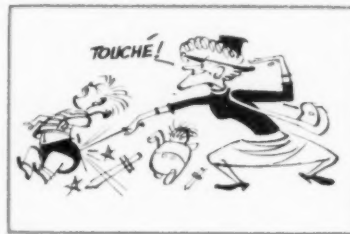
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SOMETIMES you never know what almost hit you. Like the motorist who overparked on a Vancouver street and, sure enough, before he returned a cop came along. The constable was busily jotting down the usual particulars, place, date, time, infraction, make and color of car, license. Just before he jotted down the number his ballpoint pen went finally and irrevocably dry. There was a drugstore on the corner so in went the officer and emerged a moment later brandishing another thirty-nine-cent special, but all that was left of the car was a vacant space at the curb. The motorist had returned and driven off all unsuspecting, saved by the ball.

If Ottawa's civil servants aren't the healthiest employees anywhere it isn't for lack of office health centres with nurses on duty, doctors on call and periodic lectures by the nurses to make sure the government workers take full advantage of the services. In addressing the staff of the Canadian Commercial Corporation in No. 4 building a while ago, one nurse described procedure to be followed in reporting sickness and she ended by citing examples of prompt service having greatly benefited civil servants suddenly taken ill. Then she asked if there were any questions, to which a voice replied from the audience: "Yes, nurse - would you come down here, please? This gentleman has fainted."

Decorum will prevail in Victoria, or its dignified dowagers will know the reason why. Walking past the legislative buildings the other day, one of them was disturbed to hear a commotion beneath the low-hanging branches of an evergreen, then shocked to find two urchins locked in



a violent rough and tumble. Her stern "Here, here!" didn't even register; her sharp "Stop that this minute!" was ignored, and so was her threat to call a Mountie. So out of her hat she plucked a hat pin, executed a single, ladylike lunge at the handiest portion of the youngster momentarily on top. And even as his startled bellow rent the air and broke up the fight, the restorer of law and order restored

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

the venerable weapon to its place and strode with dignity on her way.

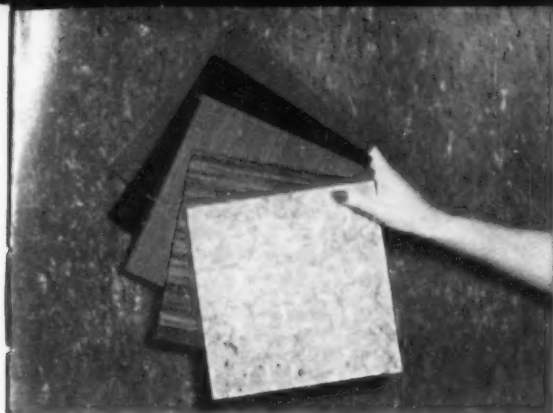
A woman in Scarborough, Ont., bought her handyman husband one of those hand-sized, plug-in power saws for his birthday, wrapping it up as pretty as you please. When the lucky fellow came home from work she told him there was a surprise for him on the coffee table, but she



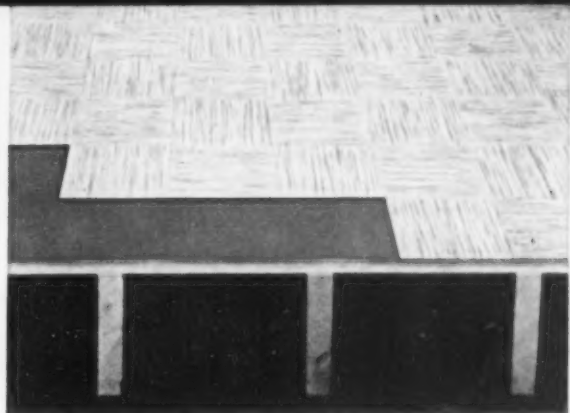
wouldn't let him enter the living room until he tried to guess what it was. While he was still guessing there was a sudden roar. The pair of them burst into the room to find their husky four-year-old son had unwrapped the gift, plugged it in, and was nonchalantly guiding it across the coffee table.

Anybody who's ever lived in a railway town knows you can't run a train without a number. At Hatton, Sask., on the CPR main line you can change to train No. 605 to take you seventeen miles out on a branch line to Golden Prairie. If you want to come back you have to catch train No. 604. The conductor's printed timetable carries a special order under Hatton subdivision footnotes, "No. 604 will wait at Golden Prairie until No. 605 has arrived." This, figures our Hatton subdivision scout, is carrying safety precautions about as far as even a railway can go, since No. 604 is the same collection of engine, baggage car, freight cars and caboose as train No. 605. It's been making the same return trip every Tuesday for years and hasn't met itself coming or going yet.

Winnipeg's far-famed system of community clubs has undoubtedly done a lot to cut juvenile delinquency, but hasn't impaired the younger generation's sardonic sense of humor. Over the door of the skating shack at the Morse Place Community Club rink is a sign that warns, "No smoking under 10."



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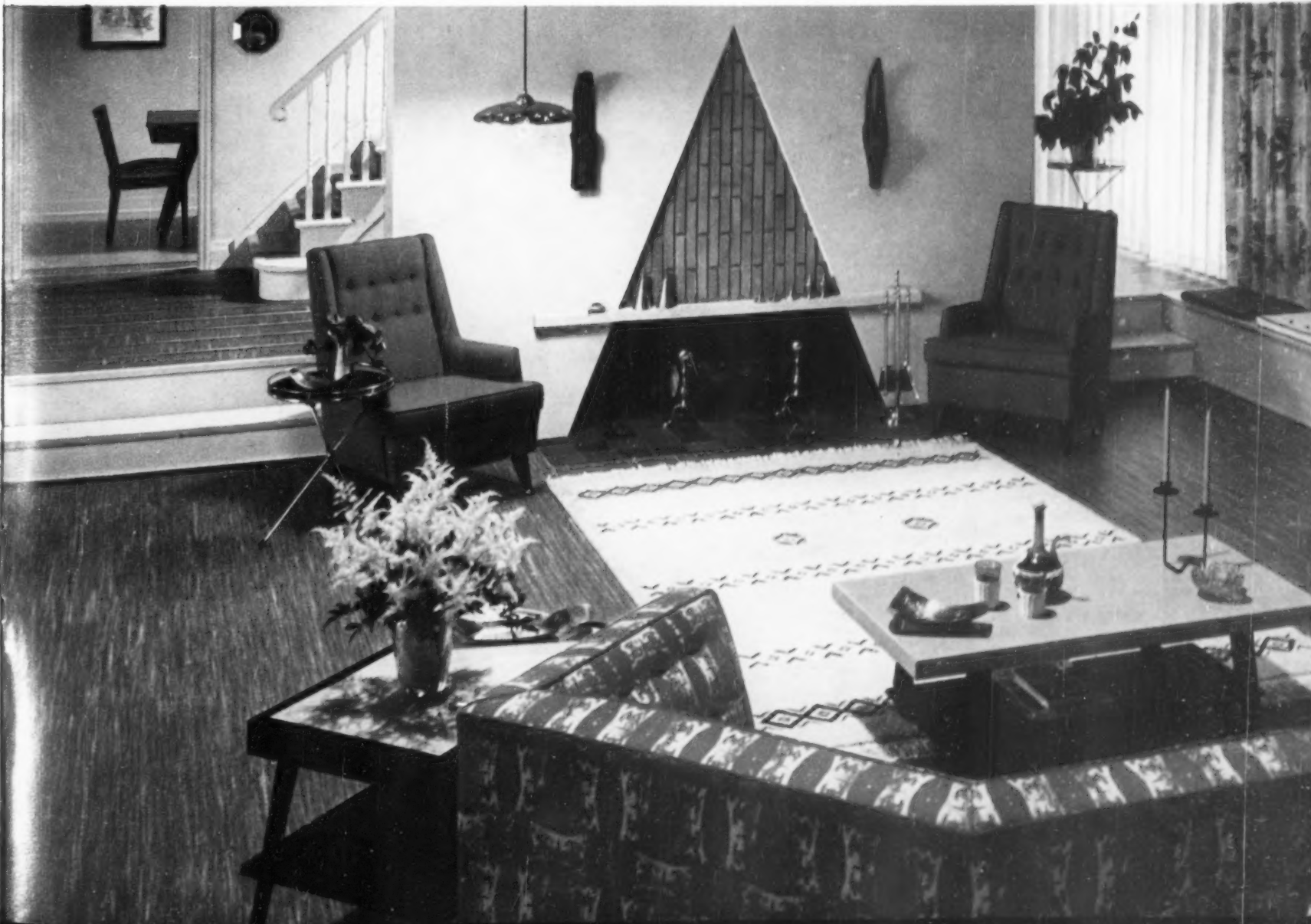
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